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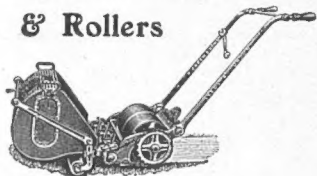
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The Sketch

No. 1069.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



BY ORDER OF THE TSAR · MME. PAVLOVA SITTING TO A RUSSIAN SCULPTOR SENT TO LONDON TO MODEL HER
FOR THE IMPERIAL PORCELAIN FACTORY.

The Tsar has bestowed a signal compliment on Mme. Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer, by sending over to London a sculptor, M. Seraphin Soudbinine, for the special purpose of making models of her to be reproduced in porcelain at his Majesty's own

private manufactory. The porcelain made there is never for sale, but is reserved for the sole use of the Imperial family. Our photograph shows Mme. Pavlova giving a sitting to M. Soudbinine at her home at Hampstead.—[Photograph by C.N.]



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

**Defence of the Bicycle.**

I mean, of course, the ordinary "safety" bicycle—not the motor-cycle. The motor-cycle needs no defence. It is all-victorious, and has swept its less pretentious brother into the gutter.

Whenever I am permitted to take a peep inside the garages of my wealthy friends, I nearly always see a bicycle leaning against the wall in a far corner.

"Hallo!" I exclaim. "I didn't know you cycled?"

"I don't."

"But you have a bicycle, I see."

"Oh, yes, I used to ride, but I have given it up. You get out of the way of it, you know, when you have a car. When I'm not in the car, I like to walk."

This explanation, I am afraid, is not strictly accurate. People who possess cars do not really prefer to walk when they are not in the car; they would much rather jump on to a bicycle for short distances, but the lamentable fact is that the ordinary bicycle has become rather bad form. To be seen riding a bicycle other than a motor-cycle is supposed to be tantamount to a confession that you cannot afford a car, and, in days such as these, when it is a disgraceful state of affairs to be unable to afford anything, that is quite sufficient reason for letting the bicycle rust and languish in the corner of the garage.

Noiseless!

There will, I am confident, be a revival in ordinary cycling, not only as a protest against the tearing, rushing, thundering, swirling, viciously vindictive motor-cycle, but also for the far better reason that our old friend the bicycle has many advantages over the motor-cycle.

Let us take, first of all, the negative advantages. It used to be a matter of pride, in the days when we all rode bicycles, to have your machine in such perfect condition that it swept along over the roads without a sound. Most of us can remember the joy of this smooth, noiseless progress—not a sound to be heard but the steady crunch of the surface-dust beneath your tyres, and the rhythmical click of the perfectly oiled bearings. Contrast that with the snorting, grunting progress of the motor-cycle, and you will at once see that there must be a reaction, if for that reason alone, in favour of our discarded friend.

Safe!

Another negative advantage that the bicycle has over the motor-cycle is the comparative freedom from danger. Here the motor-cyclist will throw up his head in contempt; he is immensely proud of himself as a reckless, dashing fellow, who is risking his neck every time he passes a side-turning without slackening speed or sounding his horn. I am willing to grant him all that; he is a reckless and a dashing fellow, but he appears to forget that he is risking, not only his own neck, but also the neck of any unfortunate individual, child or adult, who may happen to emerge from that side road when the motor-cyclist is passing. There were accidents, I know, in the old days with ordinary bicycles, but they were not nearly so serious, for the very

simple reason that the machines were much lighter and did not travel at half the pace.

And this brings me to the third negative advantage of the bicycle over the motor-cycle; the bicycle, being far less cumbersome, can be whipped out of its shed at a moment's notice, whereas many owners of motor-bicycles will hesitate to use their machines for short distances because of the trouble of getting them on to the road and ready for the start. This, by the way, is not only a negative advantage in favour of the bicycle—it is also a positive advantage. I am very grateful for any invention which makes it easier for my friends to visit me, but I must ask them not to be offended if I point out that, in the old days, one did not spend twenty minutes in the roadway before one's house whilst one's visitor indulged in a series of spitting noises, followed by an intermittent series of pistol-shots, followed again by a roar as of thunder; nor, having at last got away, did he leave a pool of black oil in front of one's gate.

The Moral Tonic.

Take, if you please, the second positive advantage of the bicycle over the motor-cycle—namely, the moral and physical tonic that results from accomplishing something by one's own power. The motor-cyclist no doubt finds a certain pleasure in climbing a hill, but to whom is the credit due? Why, he knows very well that nearly the whole of the credit is due to the inventors of the various parts of his machine, and to the manufacturer who has made skilful use of those inventions. There is certainly very little credit due to the rider.

The bicyclist, on the other hand, although the inventor and the manufacturer help him to the best of their ability, realises that he must depend in the main on his own individual effort. He sees the long hill stretching before him, and he pulls himself together, tightens his muscles, and determines to climb that hill. Yard by yard, he draws nearer to the summit. At last the task is achieved, and the country below lies spread before him. He is now in a far more enviable position than the motor-cyclist, for, whilst his machine will run down into the valley as he sits at his ease in the saddle, the mechanism is so simple that he has nothing to worry about, and is free to enjoy the rush of pure air and the glorious vista of woods and meadows. Most important of all, he has *earned* this effortless sweep through space.

The Easy Life.

Yes, there is a moral tonic to be derived from the use of the bicycle that you will never get from the motor-cycle. We are all inclined to take the utmost advantage of the easy comforts that modern science provides for us, but it is certainly a question whether we were not a healthier and happier race when life was a little rougher and a little harder. Nobody would wish to go back, I suppose, to the old days of the stage-coach and the forced trappings over many miles of dull roads. But the bicycle, like the horse, is still at our disposal, and I see no reason why either of them should be allowed to fall into desuetude. Happily, it is not yet considered bad form to lead the horse from the stable to the bridle-track. I plead to-day on behalf of our old friend the simple bicycle, that it may no longer be allowed to cower, stricken and shamefaced, in the garage, the coach-house, or the tool-shed.

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ANOTHER INTERESTING CASE FOR JUSTICE DARLING



1. AN EARL'S BROTHER WHO IS TRAINER TO AN EARL: THE HON. GEORGE LAMBTON LEAVING THE COURT AFTER GIVING EVIDENCE.
2. "LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND": MR. SIEVIER TAKES A STROLL IN THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL.
3. A NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR AND RACEHORSE OWNER WHO WON £16,000 LAST YEAR: MR. EDWARD HULTON LEAVING THE COURTS.

It is curious how Mr. Justice Darling seems to get all the most interesting cases to try. The Wootton v. Sievier libel case has also been remarkable for the number of prominent frequenters of the Turf who have appeared as witnesses. Among them were no fewer than three Earls—Lords Derby, Durham, and Lonsdale—as well as two of the Earl of Durham's brothers—the Hon. George Lambton and the Hon. Francis Lambton. Lord Durham confirmed the statement that he had

4. THE PLAINTIFF: MR. RICHARD WOOTTON LEAVING THE COURTS WITH MR. ESCOTT.
5. A STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB MORE OFTEN THAN ANY OTHER PRESENT MEMBER: THE EARL OF DURHAM.
6. A FAMOUS OWNER WHO DOES NOT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BETTING: THE EARL OF DERBY LEAVING THE COURTS.

been a Steward of the Jockey Club more often than any present member of it. Lord Derby said in the course of his evidence: "You won't get me to explain about betting, because I don't know," and, in answer to a further question, added: "I really and honestly do not know anything about betting." Lord Derby also mentioned that Mr. George Lambton had trained horses both for himself and his father; in fact, was the only trainer they ever had. [Photographs by L.N.A., Topical, C.N., and Illustrations Bureau.]

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE BARRIER," presented the other night at the Strand
Theatre, is a sort of gun-play. Almost every character
is to be seen on one occasion or more in a picturesque
attitude with his "six-shooter," which sometimes goes off. Indeed,
I had a feeling that something like a fraud was practised on us, in
the fact that the heroine never produced her little revolver. Of
course, gun-plays are generally melodrama, and "The Barrier"
is no exception. It is a piece a little indecisive in style, somewhat
uncertain as to whether it is aimed at the ten-and-sixpenny-stall
theatre, or the six-shilling. On the whole, it would be more likely
to score a hit at the latter. Still, Mr. Hubbard has made a very
workmanlike adaptation of Mr. Rex Beach's novel concerning a
mining village in Alaska, and it certainly delighted the first-night
audience, even if to some the subject-matter seemed a little thin.
Over here we do not easily squirm with horror at the thought that
our beloved has Redskin blood in her veins—is, in fact, a half-breed—
nor hurl up our hats in joy at discovering that she has nothing of the
sort, but instead, is fortunately the daughter of one of the worst
scoundrels in the United States, who is still alive and infamous.
This question is hardly one for examination in a brief note, but one
does feel that the foundation of "The Barrier" is weak, and also
that the lovely heroine is a trifle too unsophisticated. By-the-bye,
Miss May Blayney, who played the part, although an English
actress, put on an American accent—or was her speech meant to
suggest that she had been brought up by an Indian squaw, wife of
the man whom she believed to be her father? At any rate, she
would be wise to modify her acting of the lighter scenes, which
reminded one rather strongly of the orthodox American soubrette.
In the pathetic passages her work was quite admirable. Mr.
Matheson Lang played a half-breed part extremely well. Clever,
effective pieces of character-acting were given by Messrs. Charles
Rock, Harcourt Beatty, and L. Willoughby.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Bound To Be. Will Hugo. 6s.	The Story of Mary Dunne. M. E. Francis.
The Horrible Man. Frances Forbes	6s.
Robertson. 6s.	How I Became Governor. Sir Ralph
A Tour Through South America. A. S.	Williams. 15s. net.
Forrest. 10s. 6d.	CONSTABLE.
The Brave Brigands. May Wynne. 6s.	Dorothea. Maarten Maartens. 3s. 6d.
Defiant Diana. E. Everett-Green. 6s.	By Order of the Company. Mary Johnston.
The Unworthy Pact. Dorothea Gerard.	3s. 6d.
6s.	The Blazed Trail. Stewart Edward White.
"Polly Peachum" and "The Beggars'	3s. 6d.
Opera." Charles E. Pearce. 6s.	The Good Comrade. Una L. Silberrad.
The Honour of the Clintons. Archibald	3s. 6d.
Marshall. 6s.	Cardigan. Robert W. Chambers. 3s. 6d.
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Columbine at the Fair. Kate Horn. 6s.	

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AN ANTE-ROOM TO SANDHURST: COMING DOG-DAYS IN WAR: HAPPY CHILDREN, HAPPY COWS.

The Junior Sandhurst.

The shortage of candidates for Sandhurst, which has become a serious matter, has turned the minds of the high authorities of the War Office towards various plans for increasing the number of lads who wish to become officers in the Regular Army. One way, and perhaps the best way, to do this is by imitating the Navy in starting the education of a soldier officer at the same age at which that of a sailor officer begins. The means of doing this would be by creating a Junior Sandhurst, a new college for boys of the age at which the naval cadet goes to Osborne, which is between twelve and thirteen, and to train the future Marlboroughs and Wellingtons for their profession, sending them on to Sandhurst for the finishing touches instead of waiting until a boy has ended his career at a public school, and then offering him Sandhurst instead of a university career. No doubt the new college would be near one of the great military centres, and perhaps Salisbury Plain would be best.

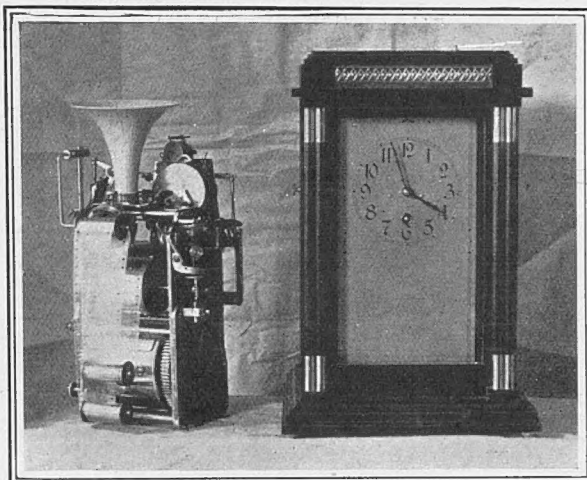
A Way They Have in the Navy.

The plan by which the naval cadet, in the most impressionable years of his boyhood, is taught to think of the Navy as the one and only possible profession for a gentleman, and to see everything through glasses of naval blue, might be just as successful in bending the twig towards the Junior Service. Parents are glad when any of their sons show a desire to become naval officers, for the education of the boys undertaken by the State is just as complete as they would obtain in any public school, and costs infinitely less. A boy beginning his military education at the age of thirteen, and joining a regiment when seventeen or eighteen, would be thoroughly grounded in the many branches of the art of war in which a soldier nowadays has to be expert. How the non-commissioned officer promoted from the ranks would compare with these highly educated young soldiers is a matter which the authorities would have to consider before long, should the Junior Sandhurst become a fact.

The Dogs of War.

The dog is evidently going to have his day as the friend of man in time of war. A team of ambulance dogs, trained to carry succour to the wounded on the field of battle, marched past with the garrison of Paris at the review of Longchamp on the day of the great French national holiday—the day of the taking of the Bastille. Many an outlying British picket on a dark night has felt glad that the pet dog of the company has been with them, for a dog's ear catches any suspicious noise quicker than that of a man does, and a dog is more alert than any sentry. The Belgians are now using dogs to draw light machine-guns attached

to regiments. Everyone who has travelled in Belgium knows the big dogs that draw the milk-carts and other light things on wheels. A big strong dog, no matter what his breed, fetches a good price in Belgium. The dogs enjoy their work, and when, after a halt, they are told to pull again, they lift up their voices and bark in delight at being on the road once more. This noisy demonstration of pleasure was the one difficulty that the Belgian Carbineers had to overcome in organising their dog-teams; but after a certain number of drills the dogs became aware that silence is one of the military virtues, and now go about their military duties without giving tongue.



MADE LITERALLY TO "TELL" THE TIME: A CLOCK WHICH YOU SOMETIMES MIGHT FEEL INCLINED TO BREAK.

The clock here illustrated really "tells" the time. It announces the hours, and also the half and quarter hours, in a human voice, by means of a membrane connected with the mechanism. In the photograph the works are shown on the left and the case on the right.

Photograph by Grohs.

feasts for the children in their principalities, distributing great quantities of sweetmeats to the "Baba-log," and the heads of those States in which the cow is a sacred animal and is not allowed to be slaughtered, not content with making the children happy for one day, ordered grass to be given freely to every cow in their domains.

An Anglo-Indian Charity.

I am glad to read that an excellent charity in India is flourishing. It is the Anglo-Indian Children's Relief Fund, which was first instituted in the Punjab, to send to the hills during the hot weather the children of Britons in subordinate employment who cannot afford to send home their

children to be educated, as do the white people in the higher positions in the Indian services, and who have not the money to send their small people up to the hills in the hot weather. Some of the boys and girls benefited by this sum are sent up to hill schools every year, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab and Lady Dane take particular interest in a holiday camp for white boys established annually in the hills not far from Simla.



LADIES OF THE JURY! THE FIRST FEMININE JURY EMPANELLED FOR A FELONY CASE—U.S.A.

In a recent case at San Francisco, in which a woman was accused of attempting to extort money, the jury was, for the first time, composed of women. The defendant was acquitted.—[Photograph by J. J. Marron.]

DUE TO ASQUITH RULE? THE "ORGY OF UNDRRESSING."



1. AS SHE APPEARED AT DALY'S: MISS EVIE GREENE IN A DIRECTOIRE DRESS IN "THE MERVEILLEUSES."

2. THE LINE OF 1800: A DRAWING BY LEWIS BAUMER.

3. AN IDEA OF WHAT DIRECTOIRE DRESS MIGHT HAVE BEEN: MISS EVIE GREENE IN A COSTUME SHE DID NOT WEAR ON THE STAGE.

4 AND 6. AN INVENTION WHICH GIVES THE WHOLE LINE OF THE FIGURE: BONELESS STAYS.
5. THE TIGHTS THAT HAVE SUPERSEDED PETTICOATS: COMBINATIONS AND STOCKINGS IN ONE.

In the recent article on "Dress and Undress," which has aroused so much discussion, a "Times" correspondent suggested a connection between fashions and politics, and raised the question "how much our almost bare feet and quite bare arms and neck owe to Mr. Asquith's indifference to stable government." "Certainly," the writer declared, "there is an orgy of undressing going on," and again: "Five years ago women still wore skirts and bodices which covered them, stockings thick enough not to show the colour of their skin, and sufficient stays and petticoats to conceal the details of their persons. . . . Petticoats went some time back, and were replaced by tights—or not replaced at all." Allusion was also made to the French invention of boneless stays,

which changed the Parisian figure from plump to slender, and a story was told of a Parisian dressmaker who said to an English customer: "Madame will be satisfied with this gown, for by putting a rose ribbon underneath, Madame will give the impression of being completely naked." This recalls an incident related by Mr. Julius Price in his "Dame Fashion." "In the year 1796 two women, almost in a state of nudity, made their appearance in the Champs Elysees, one wearing simply some gauze tastefully draped, while the other had her bosom entirely uncovered." Miss Evie Greene, it will be recalled, appeared as Lodoiska in "Les Merveilleuses" at Daly's, in 1906.

Photographs by the "Play Pictorial," Dover Street Studios, and Underwood and Underwood.

LILLIE LANGTRY ON THE FILM: LADY DE BATHE'S NEW RÔLE.



1. LADY DE BATHE (MRS. LANGTRY), AS A WRONGED WIFE, PLEADING FOR HER HUSBAND'S LIFE WITH THE HUSBAND OF THE OTHER WOMAN.
2. AS HEROINE OF A CINEMA TRAGEDY: LADY DE BATHE (MRS. LANGTRY) AS THE FAITHFUL WIFE WHO SAVES HER HUSBAND FROM BEING SHOT BY THE HUSBAND OF THE WOMAN HE IS KISSING, IN "HIS NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE."

Lady de Bathe, formerly so well known as Mrs. Langtry, is coming before the public in a new rôle—that of star actress in a cinematograph play, "His Neighbour's Wife," which was given in the United States by the Famous Players Company, and is shortly to be produced over here by the M. P. Sales Company. Lady de Bathe takes the part of a wife whose husband falls in love with a married woman living next door.

The next-door husband threatens to shoot his rival unless the latter's wife will consent to elope with him. She refuses to do this, but manages to prevent the shooting of her husband, for whom she still retains an affection. As the jealous husband, however, insists on having his revenge the next evening, she goes to the rendezvous of the guilty pair in her husband's coat and hat, and receives the bullet intended for him.



THE EXOTIC DANCES OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Tea at Princes'. "Come in and have a cup of tea with me at Princes'," said our young Artist to me.

"Princes' what?" I asked, for there are several Princes' in London.

"Princes' Restaurant," he replied.

"Don't you think," I answered, "that, seeing the present state of the financial world, and that 'Canpacs' are about two-and-three-pence a quart, Consols half-a-crown a dozen, and the Bank Rate is said to be going to rise to boiling-point, it had better be Lockhart's?"

"This time it will be Princes'," he said firmly. So we went in and I found myself sitting at a table consuming Chinese tea and hot buttered toast, and a lot of other things that my "vet." forbids me to touch. I noticed that in the middle of the room there was a large open space in the shape of a flattened oval, and asked what it was for.

"Dancing," replied our young Artist; and I burst into lamentations, protesting that I could not dance in my golf-shoes, and had no white kid gloves with me, and knew none of the crowd about me. At this moment a waiter thrust into my hand a card announcing: "Mr. Maurice and Miss Florence Walton. — 'Sympathy Waltz,' 'Argentine Tango,' 'Turkey Trot,' 'Dream Waltz.'"

I said, "Kek-er-say-ker-sa"—which is the spelling of the French "Simplified Spelling Society" for "What's that?"—and I pointed to the words "Argentine Tango."

"Bang," he replied; "*vous allez voir*"—and there we were, and I have been trying ever since to learn what "Tango" means. I know a good deal about that fearful wild fowl the "contango," for the conduct of "Canpacs" has been lately of such a character that . . . but the Tango?

Oh, Dem Grey Silk Stockings.

At this moment some gentlemen adorned with coats of a gorgeous red, that I should wear on the golf-links if I could get my handicap down two or three dozen, began playing a waltz, and two people invaded the flattened oval—one a young man, about whom I say little more. He wore afternoon dress, and I daresay danced quite as well as his partner—but, then, he was of the uninteresting sex. She was obviously the Argentine Tango, for she had a real South American beauty: ivory complexion, deep eyes, black hair, flashing teeth—still, Florence Walton sounds rather English. She wore a demi-toilette of a greyish silk with little flowers on it, and a kind of half or quarter-skirt of black filmy stuff; the real skirt had an inverted V-shaped cutting reaching from the hem to a little above the knees, and the space was filled with foamy whiteness. (N.B.—This technical description is copyright.) For a few moments they waltzed together, just as you, dear Madam, and I might, only better than I should do it, and yet I rather flatter myself. Then they separated and did a kind of little set piece to one another, which reminded me of the courtship antics of some birds in the spring. Afterwards,

they waltzed hand-in-hand towards us. Suddenly—bing, bang!—out shot a neat foot in a grey suède shoe and about two feet of grey silk stocking containing a beautifully moulded—well, out of respect for my numerous American readers, I will say "limb." In a moment it disappeared, and out came its companion, which also disappeared too quickly. For some moments we had a bombardment of these glimpses—which were "frightfully thrilling," as Hilda Wängel would have said—then a *volte-face*; and a feeling of jealous grievance invaded me, because I knew she was bombarding the other people in the same way. Afterwards came some graceful waltzing—perhaps I ought not to use the word "grace": Mr. Nijinsky won't have it; he is sick of the words "grace" and "charm," and beginning to feel

a "primitive." However, the conduct of the people in the Balkan States has put me off "primitivism": I begin to wonder whether some of our Russian dancer friends are not growing a trifle—footswollen.

At Last the Tango. We had some more tea and hot buttered toast, and some of the violently erotic music now in vogue, very well played. Afterwards, a brief interval, and lo! the Argentine Tango. It began very quietly. There was some elaborate foot-and-ankle work as the partners manœuvred by and to one another, with an occasional ducking movement, which suggested that those elegant limbs were a bit weak at the knees—it was followed by a swift uprising which falsified the suggestion. Somehow, the dancers reminded me of a pair of wrestlers working for an opening. Later, there were some complicated set-pieces; then deft swirlings and turnings,

but on the whole there seemed little stingo in the Tango. It was a trifle funereal; graceful, no doubt, and complicated, but not the kind of thing that would keep you warm in cold weather, not the sort of dance in which you could let yourself go. It must require a lot of learning—indeed, almost enough brain-work to enable you to earn a fortune in the City. I preferred its successor, "The Turkey Trot." This was danced with plenty of *abandon*, yet with a discreet avoidance of a hint of the *danse du ventre*, and without the violent *déhanchement* which I have seen exhibited by blue-blooded young ladies in fashionable drawing-rooms. True, we had some little batteries of glimpses again, particularly in a figure where the young lady, like the nigger in the song, was "kicking up a hind and a fore." Altogether a graceful, charming dance—oh, I do hope Mr. Nijinsky won't be "primitive" with me—a fascinating kind of dance. "The Dream Waltz" I kept in hand for to-morrow, and if anybody wants to see "Monocle" in the flesh during the next few weeks—which is unlikely after the disgraceful caricatures perpetrated by our young Artist—she need only look in at Princes', where she will find him, full of China tea and hot buttered toast, and armed with a pair of "double million magnifying glasses," on the look-out for glimpses of the aforesaid in the grey silk stockings.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



HOW SOME SAW IT: THE "THÉ DANSANT."
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE "THÉ DANSANT."



WHAT OUR ARTIST SAW AT PRINCES': DANCES BY MAURICE AND FLORENCE WALTON.

Among the dances given at the afternoon "Thés Dansants" at Princes', by Mr. Maurice and Miss Florence Walton, are the "Sympathy Waltz", the "Argentine Tango", and the "Turkey Trot". So catching, apparently, is the tea-time dance habit that, according to our Artist, it even extended its saltatory influence to our dramatic critic.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

"MY second in command," the King once called his cousin. "Your messenger-boy, Sir," corrected Prince Arthur, with a laugh. He has been the King's ambassador to almost every Court in Europe, but it was during Edward the Seventh's reign that he was known as a sort of infant prodigy—a more wonderful Jagger—among the greybeards of Special Missions. While the present King, as Prince of Wales, was conscientiously "doing the Empire," Prince Arthur filled the gap. There was a scarcity of Princes at headquarters; moreover, he was entirely to the liking of his uncle.

The Young Courtier. Eight years ago he carried the Order of the Garter to the late Emperor of Japan. An old stager, probably chosen with due regard for a venerable aspect, was generally found at such times in the young Prince's suite, lest an elderly Emperor might think that the tribute of years equal to his own was due to him. But the Prince's youth, even in his earliest ventures, was never aggressive. When he conveyed King Edward's congratulations to King Manuel on his accession to a rocking throne, both the monarch and the envoy went through the ceremonies of the occasion to the exceeding admiration of the punctilious ushers. It was only in an aside that the two young men confessed that they were longing to try each other's mettle on the admirable tennis-courts of the Necessidades Palace.

A Prince of Manners. His manner and manners won the approval of Edward VII. George V. as a critic is hardly less exacting. According to the Bishop of Worcester, his Majesty has often found himself distressed by the bearing of his subjects abroad. "Let the public schools teach manners," he once said. "I mix among all sorts and conditions of men, and know how often Englishmen, when abroad, lose in the race with Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans because of the want of manners." Prince Arthur has an international training in deportment; he has the Englishman's ease without the Englishman's indifference. He can do anything with confidence, and, what is more, he can, with equal confidence, do nothing; of the art of inaction—more difficult than any other to acquire, but more necessary—he is a past-master. Nor have all his experiences abroad been easy-going. In Rome he managed to be nice to a Jewish Mayor as well as to the Cardinals; on his last journey to Japan he had to determine, at a moment's warning, the proper demeanour for the atmosphere of official suicide. One of Count Nogi's last letters was handed to him in Tokyo; and although, in the nature of the case, it could not be answered, there was the necessity for spoken words, for a frame of mind, for an expression that would suit the situation and pass muster

with his hosts. In Portugal, his visit followed the assassination of one King and preceded the deposition of the next; but nothing in Lisbon was quite so difficult to encounter with good grace as the inquisitive, smiling, and most exacting eye of the Japanese.

The Soldier. "Good shoulders, but no side," was an officer's description of the Prince. When he was barely nineteen, and a Hussar, he presented from head to foot the appearance of a finished soldier. No Hohenzollern of them all had a more

military aspect. He is the grandson, as everyone knows, of one of the ablest commanders of modern times—the "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, who, in his turn, was nephew of the old Emperor William, the third in descent from Queen Louise of Prussia, at once the loveliest and most heroic figure of the dark days that followed Jena. By reason of such ancestry, it is not strange that Prince Arthur—but only when he is in uniform—bears a close resemblance to the Kaiser, to the Kaiser of a quarter of a century ago. Lord Wolseley, who a few days after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, pointing out the Duke of Connaught to a friend, said "There goes the hardest-working man in my army," also gave praise to the son.

The Yorker. But Lord Wolseley ignored the martial tradition of Prince Arthur's ancestry. "K. of K." also puts history to the test of his own experience; and he regrets that the young officer was born a Royal Prince for the reason that he will be prevented on that score from taking the prominent position in the Army which his abilities would otherwise have won for him. It stands to reason that his military duties have been interrupted at all sorts of odd times. From garrison duty with his regiment he has been ordered, whenever a wedding or a funeral needed him, to divers capitals. Perhaps his Colonel has sometimes confused the ordinary calls of Society with the royal commands. At any rate, the

Prince has not seldom got leave to join the London gatherings at which he is so popular. His sudden descents from his northern garrison home upon his friends in town have earned for him the name of "The Yorker."

The Engagement. Rumour has often set her cap at him. He has been, on paper, the recipient of a Dukedom on his own account, of a Viceroyalty, and of an intended bride or two. But nothing that enterprising journalism has bestowed on him has been so happily conceived as the news published last week. The Duchess of Fife, a charming and lovely Princess in homespuns, and Prince Arthur, a soldier and a sportsman, are both people of the open-air. The Courts at which they shine do not make up the world for them. Their tastes in regions beyond are identical, and their engagement is full of happiest promise.

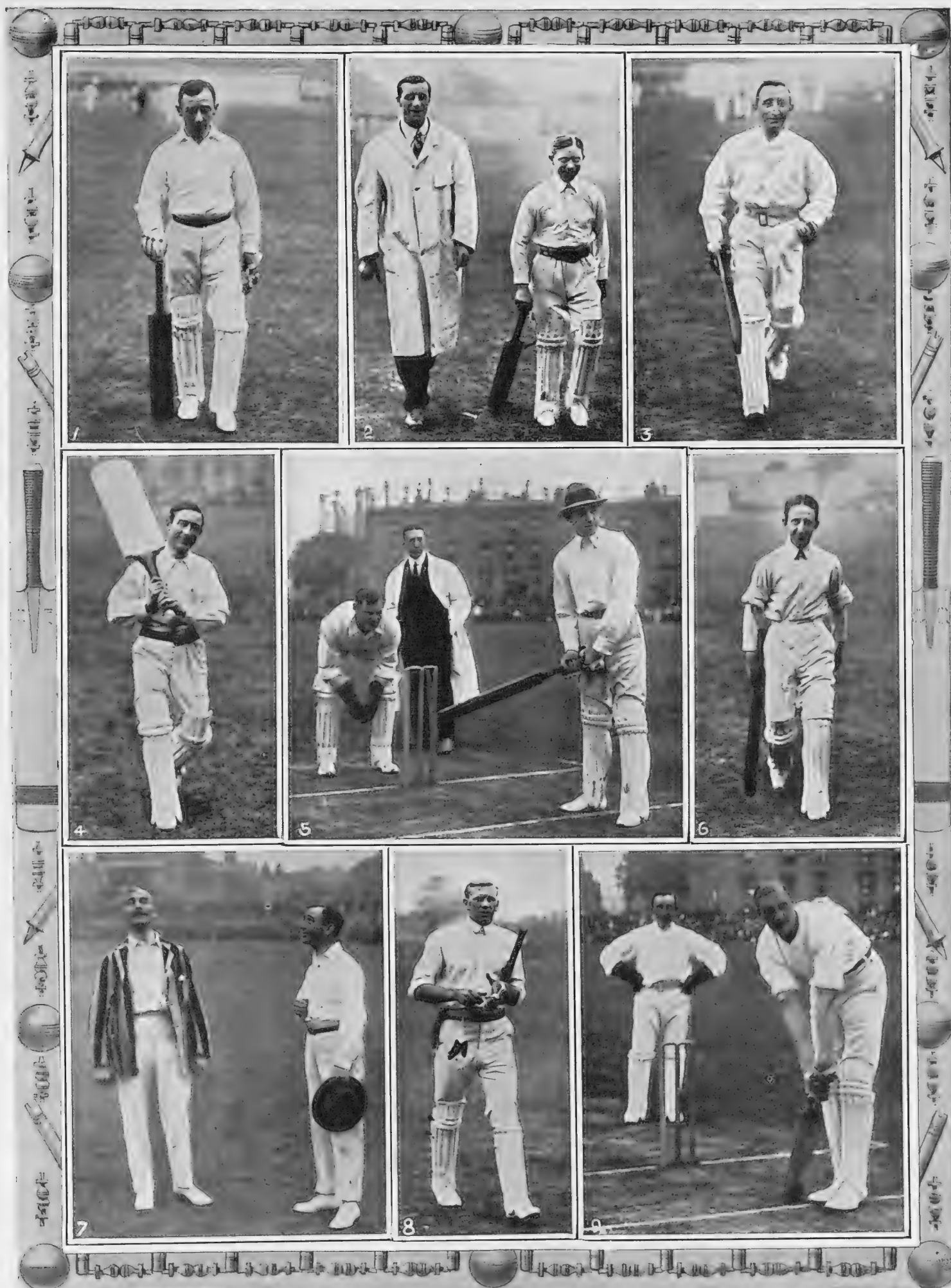


THE FUTURE PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: THE DUCHESS OF FIFE (ON THE RIGHT) WITH HER MOTHER (THE PRINCESS ROYAL) AND HER SISTER (PRINCESS MAUD OF FIFE).

The Duchess of Fife, who is engaged to Prince Arthur of Connaught, inherited her father's title and estates, which were provisionally sworn last year at £1,000,000. Both she and her sister are fonder of out-door sports than of social functions. The Duchess is an expert angler and can drive a pair of horses with the best. Her favourite home has been her Scottish seat—Mar Lodge, Braemar.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

THE TURF WITH THE WILLOW: JOCKEYS v. ATHLETES.



1. DANNY MAHER COMING IN: HE MADE FIVE.
2. WHALLEY COMING IN: HE WAS BOWLED FOR THREE.
3. HERBERT JONES COMING IN: HE SCORED SEVEN.
4. S. DONOGHUE COMING IN: ELVEN WAS HIS SCORE.
5. FRANK WOOTTON MAKING HIS DOZEN: H. PEARCE (AUSTRALIAN SCULLING CHAMPION) AT THE WICKET.

6. WALTER GRIGGS COMING IN: HE SCORED ONE AND WAS BOWLED.
7. THE CAPTAINS OF THE RIVAL TEAMS TOSSING UP: DANNY MAHER AND W. LOTINGA.
8. ARCHIE PRIDDLE, THE AUSTRALIAN SCULLING CHAMPION, EXCHANGES THE SCULLS FOR THE BAT: THIRTEEN PROVED TO BE HIS UNLUCKY NUMBER.
9. BOMBARDIER WELLS (THE HEAVY-WRIGHT CHAMPION BOXER) AT THE WICKET FOR EIGHT: HERBERT JONES IS WICKET-KEEPING.

The match—played on July 14 during the whole day—drew thousands of people and brought in a good sum for the Royal Waterloo Hospital. King Manuel of Portugal acted as an umpire for part of the afternoon. The Jockeys (sixteen on the field) made 179. Champion Athletes declared at 279 with twelve wickets down.—[Photos, C.N.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE typewriter which was kept clicking throughout the King's Northern tour is an old friend of his Majesty's. Although he can dictate a multitude of letters between station and station, he could not revise and pass the more important correspondence if his secretaries were not helped out by the machine. Even Lord Stamfordham's firm hand has been known to grow shaky when, under the compulsion of urgent business, he has tried his hand with a pen on a train going at sixty miles an hour. It is no secret that the King was directly responsible for the greater part of last week's famous letter to Lord Derby—a letter in the composing of which the oversight of any one detail in a hundred would have given pain to some section of the Lancastrian community. That letter alone contained eight hundred words, or thereabouts; his Majesty's total for the week must have been nearer eight thousand—or twice as much as Mr. Chesterton, working hard and giving all his time, turns out in the same period.

*Better than the
"Bads."*

The Duchess of Connaught is to finish her all-British cure in the Highlands, with Princess Patricia to look after her, and a visit to the Wemyss' household at Gosford as one of the first pleasures of a completed convalescence. The success of the elaborate doctoring she has undergone is the happiest possible justification of the royal determination to put a full trust in the medical science of this country. When the seriousness of her Royal Highness's case was first discovered, there was no want of advice as to the choice of experts. To fetch a surgeon from Paris, the Duke was told, on the one hand, was the only safe course; on the other, it was pointed out that to borrow from Berlin would be entirely necessary. He did neither. And now the air of Scotland is to serve its turn. Abergeldie, in all probability, will be found to be as beneficial as, if not better than, any of the "Bads."

*The Laureate; and
the Reason Why.* When, many weeks ago, the first published intimation that Mr. Bridges would be Mr. Asquith's Laureate was made in these columns, we stated that the "P.M." and the Poet had many tastes in common. The Latins they both read before breakfast are the same; the moderns they both refuse to read are the same. And despite certain hard-and-fast refusals, they are both, in the matter of the "young men," uncommonly liberal. Mr. Asquith knows almost as much about Georgian verse—the verse of the present reign—as his friend and the First

Lord's secretary, Mr. Edward Marsh. Although the legend, according to Mr. Max Beerbohm, is that "Eddie" Marsh is poetry-tutor to the whole Cabinet, and the real disposer of the laurels, the Prime Minister has another incentive to the study of the rebellious rhymes of the times—his youngest daughter, it is generally understood, insists that her poets shall also be *hs*.



ENGAGED TO MISS SYBIL SASSOON:
THE EARL OF ROCKSAVAGE.

The Earl of Rocksavage, whose engagement to Miss Sybil Sassoon was announced the other day, is the elder son and heir of the Marquess of Cholmondeley. He formerly held a commission in the 9th Lancers, and served with distinction in South Africa. Miss Sassoon is the only sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt., M.P.

Photograph by Bassano.

*Dying, Dying,
Dead!*

The complaint that the season which is now moribund has been a season of small things is fairly general. London entertaining went to pieces, we are told, a month or more before the proper time. But does the absence of big things really count for so much? A few vast balls make a great show on paper, but the real success of the season does not depend on them. Its success is more subtle. It depends upon the good spirits of the social world, which depend upon the good spirits of a dozen or so women, who, more likely than not, depend upon their daughters. No conspicuous girl has led the way during the past few months. The young group that was light-hearted in 1912 has been depressed in 1913. But now, when collapse was taken for granted, there is a sort of awakening. The State Ball gives a filip to these last days, and both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden the King and Queen are keeping late hours that the season may live as long as possible.

*Lady Randolph
Herself Again.* Lady Randolph

Churchill is herself again. The re-adoption of that title is both reasonable and convenient. As Mrs. George Cornwallis-West she bore a name that lacked the decisiveness proper to her character; there was with it no hard-and-fast method of addressing her. The newspapers, most often, wrote it out in full, with an explanation in parenthesis—"Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, the mother of the First Sea Lord," or "Mrs. George Cornwallis-West (better known as Lady Randolph Churchill)." On her own title-page she admitted the difficulty, and used both the names for the single and very distinct personality: "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill, by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West," it runs. In talk she found herself called sometimes "Mrs. Cornwallis-West," which was both incorrect and confusing, and sometimes "Mrs. George West." "Mrs. West," however, was the form current among those who knew her best, unless "Jennie" was permitted them.



ENGAGED TO THE DUCHESS OF FIFE: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

The engagement of Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Duchess of Fife, eldest daughter of the Princess Royal and the late Duke of Fife, was announced on July 16, and it was stated also that the King had "gladly given his consent." Prince Arthur is the only son of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and was born in 1883.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

AS BIG A "DRAW" AS HARRY LAUDER: "THE CROUCHER."

"THINK 'ILL
POP EM
UP ONE
OR TWO"

PATIENTLY WAITS TILL
THE FIELDS GET TO
THE BOUNDARIES

"NOW FOR IT!"

"GOT IT!"

"THAT WAS
FUNNY!"

A
"SIX"
ATTITUDE

GETTING BACK FOR A BIT
OF ELBOW ROOM

THE RACE TO
THE PAVILION

"WELL, I
FEEL BETTER
AFTER THAT"

"NOT THIS TIME"

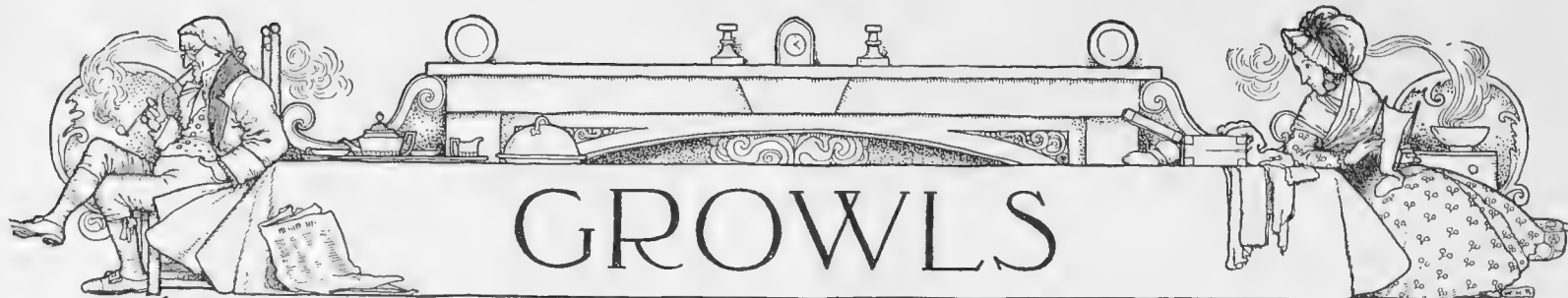
J. H. DOWD · 13

THE MOST SENSATIONAL CRICKETER IN THE WORLD: UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS OF JESSOP, THE MIGHTY SLOGGER.

It is safe to say that there is no more sensational cricketer, and no more popular "draw" with the cricket-loving public, than Mr. G. L. Jessop, popularly known as "the Croucher." If all batsmen were like him, there would be no talk of the necessity of "brightening cricket." At the Oval the other day, he hit up 188 in his two innings for the Gentlemen against the Players. In spite of that, there was a report that he

was not selected for the next Gentlemen v. Players, which began at Lord's on July 14. When it became known that he was to play after all, there was general rejoicing. The 12,000 spectators were not disappointed, for "the Croucher" made 63 in the Gentlemen's first innings, and was again the "star" bat of his side. Mr. Jessop was born in 1874, was educated at Beccles College, and went up to Cambridge in 1896.

DRAWN BY J. H. DOWD.



THE SUBURBANISATION OF HOSPITALS: A NOTE OF WARNING.

RECENT occurrences have made it impossible for me to regard the future lot of the Londoner without a full measure of disquietude; and while I am not unaware that, when I state my case, I shall be charged with running counter to certain well-established canons of finance, I feel that such shibboleths of the City should be given the shortest shrift when they oppose themselves to the personal safety of the citizen. But a short time ago the news was spread broadcast that the inmates of University College Hospital were to be removed to distant places in order to give full scope to the blameless activities of the great house of W. H. Smith and Son; and now come the tidings that the two hospitals of Westminster and St. George are to be transported further afield, and that the site of the latter has been acquired for the erection of an hotel of greater magnitude and palatiality than anything yet known to the civilised world. The two hospitals are, we are told, to be merged into one, for which a home will be found somewhere in the direction of Wandsworth. Now, over and above the fact that there is some vagueness in my mind with respect to the precise situation of Wandsworth on the map, I cannot help contemplating these constant removals with apprehension and alarm. It is, of course, well that our big hospitals should be in possession of such a supply of money as will enable them to prosecute their high ideals without being continually pulled up short by the imperious hand of impecuniosity; and a sound way of obtaining the requisite funds is the selling of land at a fabulous price and purchasing sites at a comparatively trifling cost. But, at the same time, it should not be forgotten that the primary duty of a hospital is to deal promptly with cases of emergency, and something tells me that this purpose can be achieved with greater effectiveness at Hyde Park Corner than at Wandsworth—wherever Wandsworth may be.

The Perpetual Peril.

It can scarcely be denied that we live in times when the inhabitant of the Metropolis, not to mention the visitor, takes his life in his hands whenever he takes his walks abroad. In front of him, behind him, and around him are instruments of destruction whirling through the air at an unconscionable velocity. The late Juggernaut himself would stand appalled by the hideous potentialities of the traffic, and none but one who revelled in bloodshed could gaze upon the scene with sensations of composure. Under these dreadful circumstances, can this possibly be the psychological moment to be seized upon for the uprooting of the centres of surgical aid from our midst? The one and only thing that has imparted some slight feeling of security to life since the motor planted its iron heel upon our

necks has been the knowledge that, when the inevitable compound fracture arrived, it would come in the more or less immediate vicinity of one or other of our famous homes of healing, and that within a few moments of the casualty we should be in the hands of those who were competent to patch us up. And now even this solace has been ruthlessly rent from us. If I have one of my legs broken at Hyde Park Corner—a most likely spot—there will in future be no friendly hospital to hold out a helping hand to me. I shall have to be driven to the nebulous destination of Wandsworth, and in the course of the journey shall, as likely as not, become involved in a collision, with disastrous results to the other leg. I am sure I am not allowing myself to be unduly alarmist when I claim that such must be the sure and certain outcome of these transplantations, and that from the new régime there must of necessity accrue a serious increase in the loss of human life and limb.

The Other Way About.

Mark you, I speak in no spirit of enmity or disparagement towards the vast and gorgeously appointed hotels which are continually springing up in our city. I love their luxury; I hold their cuisine in the highest regard; and I look upon them as desirable acquisitions to the community, to which hosts who select their guests with care and discrimination may confidently invite me to participate with them in the pleasures of the table. But this does not blind my eyes to the danger that lurks behind. I feel that in the days that are to come, when I am toying with caviare in a room at Hyde Park Corner which once contained an operating-table, my conscience will tell me that, while I am dallying with the delicacies of the season, some lacerated wayfarer is being hustled in all the tortures of dislocation to the

wilds of Wandsworth. I am strongly of opinion that, if the authorities are genuinely anxious to grapple with a problem which becomes more insistent every day, they will completely reverse the policy on which they have embarked. Instead of turning hospitals into hotels, they will turn all the hotels into hospitals, with a view to coping with the widespread devastation now taking place, and will see to it that there will be a hospital handy for every one of the thousands of catastrophes which annually occur. The millionaires who frequent these mammoth hostelrys will not be seriously inconvenienced by a few minutes' extra drive, and I, for one, shall cheerfully accept an invitation to the Hotel Gigantesque at Wandsworth—when I have discovered where Wandsworth is—while my appetite will receive a further whet from the assurance that due attention is being paid to the higher interests of suffering humanity.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



THE HEAD OF A LADY WHOLE FEET AND ANKLES APPEAR ON ANOTHER PAGE: MISS ISABEL DILLON IN "STEP THIS WAY," AT THE OXFORD.

Miss Isabel Dillon takes the part of Susannah (the Girl in the Taxi) in "Step This Way," the new revue—or rather, as it is described on the programme, "a new vaudeville idea"—at the Oxford. On another page we give the other half of Miss Dillon—one that is not shown in the above—in a special setting.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



OPEN-EYED EQUINE ASTONISHMENT: CAPTAIN KEBLE'S HORSE SURPRISED AT ITS MASTER'S VAGARIES IN THE APPLE-AND-BASKET RACE AT RANELAGH.

In the Polo Gymkhana at Ranelagh the other day there was an apple-and-basket race. Each competitor had to ride to a bucket, dismount, pick an apple out of the water with his mouth without using his hands, and ride back with the apple still between his teeth. The photograph shows Captain I. A. Keble fishing for his apple, while his horse looks on in obvious astonishment.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !



XXIII.—THE MAN WHO "REALLY AND TRULY DOESN'T WANT TO GO."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



AN ACTOR-MANAGER'S SOLILOQUY. *

HAVING regard to the renown of the author, it is not surprising that his thoughts, and his afterthoughts too, should return once again to what he calls "the ample bosom of the drama." There is a gramophone at the British Museum, and what would we not give, he exclaims in afterthought, to hear on this gramophone the voice of Elizabeth and of Shakespeare! The comforting thought remains that this gramophone holds the records of two reflections upon honour made respectively by Hamlet and by Falstaff: they are in the voice of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. And thereby hangs one of Sir Herbert's most subtle discoveries. He was so nervous, he says, at this first night, as it were, in the presence of posterity, that he spoke the speech of Hamlet in the voice of Falstaff, and that of Falstaff in the voice of Hamlet. The exchange remained so convincing that he saw then and there how Hamlet and Falstaff were one person, and that person—Shakespeare.

Hamlet's Figure. We shall all be glad to have his authority for reading "faint" in place of "fat" with regard to Hamlet. Somehow the "i" and the "n" have been dropped out, he thinks, or a prompter saw the chance for a joke against Burbage, who was a fat Hamlet. And in the great deal he has to say about Hamlet and other Shakespearean characters, his matter contains nothing disturbing or provocative, though a touch of naïveté lingers in the remark that Caliban could not have been a monster because he is given such beautiful lines. "Bluff King Hal" has a chapter to himself: a quite fascinating chapter, full of "that something baffling and terrifying" which lay in his mysterious bonhomie. "The genial adventurer with sporting tendencies and large-hearted proclivities is always popular with the mob"; and he was the *beau garçon* endearing himself to all women by his compelling and conquering manhood. Henry drew the best bow in England; none could match his grace and vigour in tilting; he could ride all day, he could dance all night; and in intervals of organising the Navy or earning his new title of Defender of the Faith he could throw off charming love-songs, the burden of which was always fidelity! "For whoso loveth should love but one," and similar refrains. One feels that Sir Herbert is genuinely *épris* of this very royal figure.

The "Star" System.

As actor-manager, he defends vigorously the utmost magnificence of Shakespearean mounting. He points to figures—astounding ones—as his vindication. "The public"—it should really be spelt with a capital—prefers Shakespeare splendid. And as to the "star" system, there are two incontrovertible authorities for that. We will take Shakespeare first, who, by writing great parts, required great actors; and what use, exclaims our author in one of his fine moments of epigram, to rail against a system "that is based upon a law of

nature—the happy inequality of man? Is not all humanity run upon the 'star' system?" His feeling about Maeterlinck is distinctly cold. "I do not maintain that M. Maeterlinck's work is lacking in fine moments, but that he abounds in very bad quarters of an hour." His characters "will talk about the weather—indeed, amongst the creations of this author, meteorological observations appear to be a very general topic of conversation."

Good Action of the Skin.

This is a book of thoughts, not anecdotes, but Sir Herbert tells one good story with much grace. It was after the first act of a first night, and to the actor-manager, who had been phenomenally nervous, entered the "brilliant and witty author." "Well, and how did I get on?" I asked, hungry for encouragement. Scanning my trembling and perspiring form, the author observed: "I see your skin has been acting, at all events."

Epigrams.

"Out of our large scorn we weave our little epigrams," says Sir Herbert in suitable manner. Thus many a sombre reflection is brightened by such an one as "The midwife of science is sometimes the undertaker of art," or, "Philosophy is a filly got by Common Sense out of Misfortune," or, "Abuse of the public is the last ditch of the disappointed." "Woe be to him who does something," Sir Herbert thinks, "for to be understood is to be found out."

Wolsey and Napoleon.

The Dedication runs, with great diplomacy—"To mine enemy, the faults; . . . to my friend, what virtue there may be; hoping thus to give pleasure to both." A genial aspiration which deserves response. Vigorous thinking is inevitably productive of new words, and Sir Herbert is nothing if not vigorous. We get "disenjoy," therefore, and "echoically" and "unshunnable." His politics, beyond a description of himself, on an official paper, as "an anti-Gladstonian Socialist" are not an important thing with him; indeed, he is severe on Wolsey for "padding too long in the putrescent puddles of politics." And Napoleon's chief achievement, in his opinion, was the Code Napoléon which he gave to the Comédie Française.

Two Pictures.

The great capacity, Sir Herbert declares, is "to keep the aloofness of one's soul through all the sordidness of life, amid the hustle and bustle, the bang and clang, the game and the fame, the jobbery and snobbery of everyday existence!" This thought came to him when wandering alone under the pine-trees

pondering some problems of life; "and the scent of the pine-trees had got into my brain." That is a remarkable picture which he gives us of himself. That, and another, of the actor-manager who stands amid a fiercely raging storm (raised by certain writers) "immovable as the Pyramids, as imperturbable as a perennial 'Aunt Sally.'"



A FAMOUS ACTOR DRAWN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST: "HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE," BY J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

The above portrait of Sir Herbert Tree, by Mr. Sargent, forms the frontispiece of Sir Herbert's new book, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts." We reproduce it by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co.



MERRY WEATHER FOR GOOD QUEEN BESS: AN ELIZABETHAN FIRE BRIGADE DEMONSTRATION IN THE RIVER PAGEANT AT TAGG'S ISLAND.

One of the features of the river pageant held at Tagg's Island on July 12, in aid of the National Fire Brigades Union, was a representation of a display given by firemen before Queen Elizabeth. On another page of this issue one of our humorous artists illustrates an even earlier method of fighting the flames.—[Photograph by Illus. Bureau.]

* "Thoughts and Afterthoughts." By Herbert Beerbohm Tree (Cassell and Co.; 6s. net.)

MERRY WEATHER—B.C. 200,000: A MAMMOTH FIRE DISPLAY.



MISSED AT THE FIRE DISPLAY AT TAGG'S ISLAND: OUR SCIENTIFIC ARTIST'S RECONSTRUCTION OF A PREHISTORIC FIRE BRIGADE.

On another page we give a photograph of the Elizabethan Fire Brigade demonstrating before good Queen Bess in the recent river pageant at Tagg's Island, Hampton Court. Here our Artist shows the predecessors of Lieutenant Sladen, R.N., of a yet earlier age. We offer this as a suggestion for the next Tagg's Island pageant.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE MIDINETTE AND THE 'BUS-MAN.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

HAS any of my friends an old calendar to give me? By an old calendar I don't mean one of the year Diluvian, nor even one of 1912. I mean a calendar of last Christmas. Calendars, like holly, Christian goodwill, and family amenities, are things to be bought only at Christmas. I want a calendar, and next Christmas seems a very long way off (my children are of the same opinion). What, then, is to be done? This is July. I cannot walk into a shop and coolly say, "I want to buy a calendar." The placid young lady behind the counter would lift astonished, and perhaps reprobatory, eyebrows, and how self-conscious I would feel then. My ambition does not soar so high as to know always the exact time, or to recognise a florin from half-a-crown at a casual glance, and I am lost in the detail of directories; but I mean to know the day and the date without having to hunt for the morning paper. It can be quite useful to know the date—hence my desire to get a calendar. I, perhaps, could get one by ruse. I could ask for a diary, or a shopping-book "with calendar attached," but it would be sure to be a mean little, compressed, puzzling thing. I want a fine big calendar. You may wonder why this sudden, and for me strange, importance given to such ephemeral things as days. I have accepted three

different invitations for the same day because one was couched "the day after to-morrow," the second "next Sunday," and the third "the 20th." And I found myself in water exceedingly hot. How could I guess it was all for the same date? I have no calendar!

Speaking of knowledge difficult, the following adventure happened to a charming little countrywoman of mine. It was told me by her while she was displaying on her own lithe figure what her employers were pleased to describe as "a practical and *chic* yachting costume" (as if any costume ever united both advantages!) I will relate the story in my own way.

Not "sweet and twenty," but piquant and eighteen, in a cheap frock which "moulds" her, the *midinette*, still fresh from Paris, hastens from her tiny room to Mme. Léontine and Co., where she is one of the prettiest *mannequins*. She looks anxiously at each familiar clock she meets on her everyday journey, for her savings have not yet allowed her to realise the ambition of her life—a pretty gold watch like Yvonne's and Georgette's. Alas! all the clocks show the disagreeable sincerity of true friends. She is late this morning, ten minutes late. The gravity of the situation decides the *midinette* to forsake for once her rigorous economy and—take a 'bus. Her invariable custom, no less good for her slender purse than for her slender figure, is to walk every morning all the way from her breakfast-table to her house of business, leaving in her wake through the London streets many appreciative glances attracted by her natural young grace and her cultivated Parisian *chic*.

Mlle. Midinette does not know English, and does not bother her pretty head about learning it. "And why, then," says she to her fellow-models, "why, then, should I learn the English? You are all French, my landlady is French, the young man who takes me on the river is also French—eh, well, why break my head to learn, then, I ask you?"

But, Mlle. Midinette, there are occasions when a little knowledge of the English language may prove of some slight use, after all.

A 'bus starts slowly from the Marble Arch. The *mannequin* jumps lightly on the moving board.

"Full up, Miss," says the 'busman.

Mlle. Midinette does not understand, but can easily see for herself; and, believing that French customs hold good in London, she

takes her stand resignedly on the footboard by the side of the 'busman. She is a charming companion, but 'busmen, I suppose, are slaves to duty and regulations, and this particular 'busman ventures a surprised "You can't stay here, Miss"—which must have cost him some regret.

"This employé is very sociable," thinks the *midinette*. "What was he speaking about—the weather, no doubt"; and, not to be outdone in politeness,

"Yes, yes," says she; "oh, yes"—the trio of "yes'es" being accompanied by the sweetest of smiles.

A pause—the inside of the 'bus is all attention.

"You'll have to get down," says the 'busman, a shade more abruptly.

"Yes," she answers, with another smile; and wonders that all the passengers should be so rude as not only to listen, but even to appear amused at their dialogue.

In despair the 'busman shifts his 'bus, and his pantomime says even more clearly than his words, "Now, then, down you go, I say." The girl understands the invitation, but rebukes him gently for so much officiousness. Smiling as sweetly as ever, she takes a firmer stand on the footboard and resolutely shakes her head.

"Non, non, thank you, *pas encore*, Bond Street, not yet, Bond Street!"

The patience of even a London 'busman has some limit. Two robust arms suddenly catch hold of the *midinette*, in spite of her lisping, incoherent jumble of the few English words she knows, and plank her down on the pavement, where, bewildered, she remains several minutes, nervously setting her hat straight again, while reflecting on the extraordinary behaviour of *messieurs les employés Anglais*.

In her dainty little bag, together with her powder-puff and pocket-mirror, Mlle. Midinette now carries also a tiny English grammar to study between a yachting-costume and an opera-cloak.



FIRST COUSIN OF THE PARISIAN "TANGO TEA": A "THÉ DANSANT" IN A FASHIONABLE LONDON RESTAURANT.

As noted under the photographs of Maurice and Florence Walton on our double-page, London has adopted the Parisian fashion of introducing dances as an entertainment during meals. The two dancers mentioned above are appearing in the afternoons at Princes'. The "Thé Dansant" will doubtless become as popular in London as the "Tango Tea" in Paris.

From the Drawing by A. C. Michael in the "Illustrated London News."

AN OLD HAT AND "THE HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES."

—"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."



THE M.P. AT THE HALLS: Sickenin'! Never anything new at the Halls. Same stale old rot over and over again.



THE M.P. IN THE READING-ROOM: Same old chestnuts in the comic papers.



THE M.P. IN THE HOUSE: Ha! ha!! ha!!! Funniest thing I ever saw in all my life! Ha! ha!! ha!!!

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.

The Artist has been struck by the peculiarity of legislative humour. While our serious politicians are unable to see anything funny in the music-halls or the comic papers, the slightest incident in the House throws them into paroxysms of laughter.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

CORNEY ISLAND : A PACIFIC TALE.

By G. STANLEY ELLIS.

CAPTAIN SEABORNE was sitting in his agent's office in the Port of Tampico.

"Ah, Mr. Richardson," said Seaborne, "what a time you folks have. I have seen Mrs. S. two days in twelve months, for those Cardiff people put five thousand tons into us in forty-eight hours. When I was a bachelor they used to keep us a week to load a couple of thousand."

"We do have luck, Captain. I've seen Mrs. R. every day for ten years, and sometimes wish I hadn't. I'd like your luck. I suppose you want a job as overlooker?"

"Pardon, Mr. Richardson, Marine Superintendent. Something on shore, enough to keep the Missis and the kids comfortably."

"What about a job on Corney Island?"

"Let's hear about it."

"Corney Island, Captain Seaborne, is a phosphate island 10 deg. North latitude and 109 deg. West longitude. The French flag was hoisted there in 1845, but for fifty years the American Phosphate Company has been shipping phosphate thence without interference from the French, who have forgotten the island. Now the American Phosphate Company has sold Corney Island to the English Phosphate Company, for whom I'm acting. Whether it's French, or American, or English, or Mexican, lying off this coast, nobody seems to know. So, if I could get a good man, who'd go out and keep his end up, we'd not quarrel about money."

"I'll cable my owners. If they're willing to let Mr. Mizen take command, I'll give it twelve months' trial, and see whether the climate will suit Mrs. S. and the kids."

Seaborne set off for Corney Island with two hundred Italians to work the deposits. He carried with him a Union Jack, which he hoisted every morning. At sunset he lowered it. When he had been there a week he woke to hear the flapping of a flag. This was strange, for he had lowered it. He got out of bed and looked out. There was a flag flying, but it was not the Union Jack: it was the Stars and Stripes. For a man particular about his clothes, Seaborne was a quick dresser, and never dressed quicker than on this occasion. Most men would have been out in pyjamas—not so Seaborne. He dressed with his usual care, in half the usual time, walked briskly into his compound, took the halyards and began to haul. A gentleman in a panama hat and a white duck suit tapped him on the shoulder, and remarked—

"Guess you'd better leave Old Glory flying, stranger."

"Stranger yourself," retorted Seaborne, continuing to haul.

"*Tu quoque* is no argument," replied the stranger, and whistled. Seaborne was surrounded by a dozen men, who held him so that he was unable to haul.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked Seaborne calmly.

"Well, stranger, you know this is an Amurrican island."

"That's so," replied Seaborne. "It's off the coast of Mexico, which is on the American continent. But if you imply the United States of North America are America, you're a—you're under a misapprehension."

"This island has been run by Amurricans, and now the Amurrican Phosphate Company wants to sell it to the English Phosphate Company, to alienate our national soil, and we won't stand it."

"Whatever nation owns Corney will soon alienate its soil, a cargo at a time, as soon as it can find buyers. Who are you, who won't stand it?"

"The Amurrican people."

"And these gentlemen that are holding me, are they the American people?"

"No, Sir; they're greasers from Acapulco, hired with their ship to bring me here to hoist the Amurrican flag."

"Who are you?" asked Seaborne, in the quiet voice that people who knew him recognised spelt danger. "Are you an officer of the American Navy?"

"No, Sir; the representative of the *Amurrican Daily News*. In our enlightened country our bayonets have been beaten into reaping-hooks—almost—and the pen is mightier than the sword. The Press, not a hireling soldiery, makes public opinion. The great heart of the Amurrican people cries out for this island to remain Amurrican—my paper has sent me out to make it so."

"Really?" asked Seaborne. The Mexicans were not holding him tightly after this friendly talk. Seaborne shook off the loose hands—Seaborne had his back against the wall, his revolver pointed at the representative of the *American Daily News*.

"Send your men to your ship," said Seaborne sternly, "before I make it worse for them. You know what you are. You've no commission—you're nothing but a pirate, come out to sneak islands. If it came off, your Government would back you up. I know, my lad. I've done something of the kind myself for our Government, and it came off; so our Government backed me up. This deal is not going to come off without trouble. I'm going to make the trouble, and your Government is not going to back you up."

"What are you going to do?"

"I might hang you," said Seaborne thoughtfully, "or shoot you, if you preferred. Just at present I'm going to ask you to haul down that flag, to bend on and haul up the Union Jack."

"I'll see you in—Arizona first. Come on, boys," he cried to his Mexicans. "A hundred dollars to the man who downs Captain Seaborne!"

They made a rush at Seaborne, who shot the leading greaser through the head. The Mexicans faltered; then the American led them on to another charge.

"I don't mind shooting a Dago," said Seaborne, "but I hate to shoot a white man."

He shot the American through the right arm, and made good practice on the Mexicans with the four rounds left. They dodged till those four were exhausted, and, thinking he could sting no longer, gathered for a rush. One Mexican was dead, four—and the American—winged. Seaborne produced a second revolver; the greasers fled, leaving their dead comrade, and the discomfited American nursing his arm.

"Now, my lad, I don't know your name—William A. Jenkinson, thank you—honour is now satisfied. Your crew have taken their hooks; you are beaten; you didn't want to haul down your flag—quite right too, from your point of view—and now you can't, because your arm's out of action."

"If I thought a man could shoot so close in a scrap I should say you'd shot me there on purpose to save my face."

"I shoot, Mr. Jenkinson. I'll guarantee to shoot a fly off the top of your head at ten paces."

"I'll take your word—I'm none too fond of the William Tell act unless I'm William Tell. Doctor in Corney?"

"Yes—I. Step in, because I'm about to haul down. Perhaps you'd rather not see it. Then I'll put your arm in splints."

William A. Jenkinson dwelt like a brother in the house of Seaborne till his arm was well enough for him to take his ship, his Mexicans, and his "copy" to Acapulco. They parted, swearing eternal friendship, with the assurance from William A. Jenkinson that the *American Daily News* would send him back with an outfit of real

[Continued overleaf.]

SWINE BEFORE PEARLS.



UNTACTFUL COUNSEL (*addressing the jury in an agricultural case*): Gentlemen of the jury—there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove—exactly three times as many as there are in that jury-box, gentlemen.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

American citizens, who would make Captain Seaborne, his way-back Phosphate Company, and his benighted country sit up, and no error.

It happened that an army was being re-armed. The old gas-pipes were cast. Seaborne got the English Phosphate Company to buy a hundred, and armed his labourers. They, being mostly Sicilians, were anxious to use them. Seaborne's fear was that they might take to the hills as brigands, but for one deterrent—Corney Island contained nobody to rob.

Seaborne heard of the efforts of the *American Daily News* to collect money to fit out an armed filibustering expedition against Corney Island, but particularly against Captain Seaborne. Subscriptions came in slowly, and, with anyone less enthusiastic than William A. Jenkinson to run the affair, it would have petered out. But he was anxious to see Captain Seaborne again, and pushed the filibustering for all it was worth.

Seaborne saw a steamer in the offing. She came nearer, and he saw she was a man-o'-war; nearer still, and he saw she flew the Mexican flag. Seaborne summoned the best shots among his Italians, marched them to the quay, and distributed them, fifty on either side of the landing-stage, as a guard of honour. A launch came off from the man-o'-war, and the men landed under a Lieutenant. Seaborne advanced, raised his cap, and said in Spanish: "Excuse me, Sir, I'm pleased to see you, as you recognise by my turning out the guard for you, but no armed parties are allowed to land. We've no objection to picnicking, but leave your arms aboard."

"Captain Seaborne, I suppose?" said the Lieutenant. "I've heard of you. We've come to occupy this island, which is Mexican territory. The United States Congress admits it."

"The United States Congress is free with other folk's property. This island is under the British flag, which you see floating there."

"We're going to hoist the Mexican flag, Captain Seaborne, and place half a company here for your protection. That need not interfere with your work."

"It won't in the least. You're not going to hoist the Mexican flag; you're not going to place your soldiers here. I ask you to withdraw. Had I known you were hostile I should have turned out another thousand armed men, to show you what Corney can do. Thinking you were well disposed, I merely turned out the usual quarter guard. Are they enough to convince you it's of no use to try force?"

"For the moment, certainly, Captain Seaborne. It is useless for a score of men to attack a hundred. But unless you admit us peacefully, our vessel will shell your island."

"Lieutenant," said Seaborne, "look up in the brushwood on the hill. Do you just see the nose of one of my 4.7 guns? You know they are enough to blow your ship out of the water before one of your shells is within a mile of our coastline. I don't want to spring any surprises on you—I want to be quite above-board. You must blame yourself for anything that happens. I won't tell you where the others are posted; you mustn't ask me. Go back and stop the awful fate which will, if you force me to act, befall your vessel."

He wrung the Lieutenant's hand with emotion. The Lieutenant was as much moved as he, to think what would have befallen had the ignorant, unsuspecting man-o'-war attacked this island fortress.

Seaborne watched the launch reach the ship, the launch hoisted up, the vessel away. Then he ejaculated, "Thank heaven we cut down that tree on the hill yesterday, and it did look like the muzzle."

The *American Daily News* kept collecting cents, which grew to dollars but slowly, when there came along a brand-new American multi-millionaire, who had made so much in railroading that he had become unpopular even in America, and was willing to purchase public sympathy by contributing. He dumped down half-a-million dollars, which brought the expedition at once into practical politics. Meanwhile, the Mexicans, although they couldn't find out where on earth Seaborne had got his heavy artillery, had sufficient fear of it to keep themselves out of the competition for the moment. But the French began to wake up to the fact that they had hoisted their flag on Corney in 1845: the French Admiral in the Pacific received instructions to take steps. This was vague, but he proceeded to take them; and Seaborne was surprised by a number one, first-chop man-o'-war, flying the French flag. When this ship anchored Seaborne realised that this was a horse of quite another colour. He went alone to the landing-stage, and took off his hat to the Lieutenant.

"Good morning, Sir," said Seaborne. "I'm Captain Seaborne, of the English Phosphate Company. Pleased to welcome you."

"I see you have the British flag flying. This island has been French since 1845. I must call on you to haul down your flag."

Seaborne shrugged his shoulders.

"I have my own opinion, Sir. But the force is on your side. I call you to witness I have here a number of well-armed and drilled men. Nevertheless, I offer no resistance. May I ask you to allow me to defer my answer twenty-four hours?"

"Unusual, Captain Seaborne, but I think my Commander would not object to my going so far. It is nine o'clock; we expect you on board at nine to-morrow morning. Failing seeing you, we shall take matters into our own hands. But we trust you will not force us to that."

Seaborne spent a miserable day. He went to bed and spent a sleepless night. He got up early in the morning and paced about Corney, to the other side of the island, whence he could not see the house, whence he could not see the man-o'-war. And, while he walked the sands, he saw a steamer anchored off shore, and her boats plying backwards and forwards carrying men to the sands. Armed men. Whatever it may be, thought Seaborne, it can make matters no worse, and he went down to meet them where they were falling in on the shore. They were armed with magazine, clip-loading rifles, they were landing a dozen of the latest Maxim-Nordenfeldts. As Seaborne advanced towards them the boats were bringing more of them to shore, till there must have been a thousand. Seaborne could see that they were men of all nationalities, but he could tell they had all been enlisted men who had served. As he got still nearer, one hailed him—

"Morning, Captain Seaborne."

It was William A. Jenkinson.

"Just in time," cried Seaborne, "to save the Union Jack."

"Don't know that we are," returned the journalist. "Our only reason for coming along was to pull it down and to hoist Old Glory."

"The French are going to pull it down, and you should support your fellow Anglo-Saxons against the Latin."

"I might, but I've not been too inquisitive into the ancestry of my push here. Some of them might not be willing to support you and your Italians against the French."

"Bring up your people, fight for your own hand, while I stand by and see fair play."

"And pick up the spoil when we've done the Kilkenny cat act? Well, lead on, Macduff. We're here to filibuster; the great Amurrican people has paid in its dollars to the *Amurrican Daily News* to filibuster, and we've got to filibuster."

Seaborne led to the landing-stage, and planted them there at five minutes to nine. At nine he did not put in an appearance on the man-o'-war; at one minute past she piped to quarters, and a landing-party of two hundred men set off under the Commander. Seaborne stepped to the front and said: "Sir, my advice to you is not to land here. I have this morning been taken prisoner by Americans."

"The United States has nothing to do with Corney Island. The French flag was hoisted here in 1845, and neither the United States, nor England, nor Mexico has any rights here."

William A. Jenkinson stepped to the front.

"We are sent here by the *Amurrican Daily News*, and the Amurrican people to take Corney, and we shall resist your landing."

"All ready in the boats? All ashore; either on the landing-stage or through the water. Fall in as soon as ashore. Kill anyone who opposes your landing."

"One moment," cried the American. "Let us avoid bloodshed. Sir, I have twelve machine-guns trained upon your boats by the best machine-gun sections in the world. I have a thousand of the finest rifle-shots on earth with their magazine-rifles levelled at you. Can't we stop it somehow?"

"Impossible! All ashore. I request you to withdraw your men."

"Ready!" cried William A. Jenkinson, "present——"

On one word, "fire!" hung the life and death of hundreds of men at the moment, and, in the future war, it might be hundreds of thousands—English, Americans, French, not to count Mexicans. Seaborne sprang forward.

"Sir," he cried to the French Captain, "your ship is signalling you."

The Frenchman jumped at the chance of postponing a conflict. He called his Signalling-Lieutenant and a Yeoman of the Signals; they put down what the semaphore was jerking. Then said the French Captain: "Gentlemen, with your permission, I will come ashore for a little consultation. My vessel has just received a wireless to say there has been the devil to pay amongst the Powers about Corney Island. Now the American expedition has started, Congress feels bound to back it; France, England, and Mexico are equally strong. But all have agreed to submit the difference to the King of Italy. You take my word, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," said Seaborne; "and glad bloodshed is avoided."

"Certainly," said William A. Jenkinson; "and sorry to lose a scoop."

There was much evidence for the King of Italy. Seaborne, William A. Jenkinson, the Commander of the French man-o'-war, the Lieutenant of the Mexican Navy, were all summoned to Rome, and a pleasant time they had, living like brethren in the same hotel, seeing the sights at others' expense. At length they were all summoned before the King, who said to them—

"Gentlemen, I have carefully considered all that has been said. I have thought well to give you, in confidence, a brief outline of my award before I convey it to your respective Ministries. Now, in short—Excuse me if I just read this cablegram, which may possibly, refer to the case—thank you. Well, after reading this cablegram I shall not make my award public. I have the honour to tell you that, as the result of the recent seismic movements in the Pacific, Corney Island has entirely disappeared. A volcanic island itself, a volcanic disturbance has sunk it below the sea. And so I have the honour to wish you all a very good-morning."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

MISS M. DODD AND THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP: McDERMOTT'S FORM: THE AMERICAN FAVOURITE.

British Ladies for America.

It is very interesting news that Miss Muriel Dodd, the young lady champion of the year, and her predecessor in the holding of the title, will make the series of Transatlantic rivalries in this wonderful season complete by crossing over to the other side and competing for both the Canadian and United States ladies' championships. Now, only one lady so far has ever won our event and the other two, and she was Miss Dorothy Campbell, lately married and settled in the States; but whether she will now oppose our championship pair, who strive to emulate her, is a matter of doubt. If either Miss Dodd or Miss Ravenscroft wins the American Championship Cup, she will be the first to bring it back to England, for when Miss Campbell gained her victories she stayed in Canada. And, upon a full reckoning of the case, one must certainly believe that one of our challengers will succeed, for ladies' golf in this country is unquestionably superior to what it is in America. Miss Margaret Curtis, who has played in Britain with indifferent success, has been the holder of the title for the last two years. Of course, there will be a slight handicap on the visitors, as there always is in such cases, but it will not be so great in the case of these ladies as it is mostly with the men invaders, for they will give themselves ample time to get acclimatised, and the American Championship does not begin until Oct. 13, when all the heat-waves should have passed. The event will take place on the course of the Wilmington Country Club, Delaware. I hear that it is not at all unlikely that another very celebrated lady golfer will cross over from this side with the same object.

The Big Event at Brookline.

In other ways the rivalry between European and American golfers is likely to be even more accentuated on the other side of the Atlantic, in a few weeks from now, than it has been on this side during our championship season. Vardon and Ray are sailing for the States in a fortnight's time, and after playing themselves to the best of their form, and getting acclimatised as quickly as possible, they will tackle the United States Open Championship, which is to be held on the course of the Country Club at Brookline, near Boston. Wilfred E. Reid, of Banstead Downs—who is good enough to win a championship, although he has never done so—is going with them; and it is likely also that Louis Tellier and Arnaud Massy will proceed there later, with the same object. An eminent Yorkshire professional is also considering the matter. There will therefore be lively times at Brookline on Sept. 17 and 18, and it should not be assumed

so readily as some people are disposed to assume it that one of the invaders will return with the title of American Champion, as Harry Vardon did thirteen years ago. There has been a great change in American golf since then, as has been amply demonstrated to us this year by the events at St. Andrews, Hoylake, and Versailles. In America, Vardon and Ray will have McDermott chiefly to fear. He is clearly a far better player than British golfers believed him to be, attaching far too much importance to his failure to qualify in the Open Championship at Muirfield last summer. I have heard an

Open Champion say that his first nine holes in the third round at Hoylake was the best thing done at the recent meeting there. His driving is beautifully crisp, his iron play sound, and he has an old-fashioned style of putting that is nice to see and is very effective in the case of a man with an extremely steady and sensitive touch, as he has, though it would not work so well with most other players. He stands upright, with his feet close together, and grasps his aluminium putter at the very end of the shaft, making a slow, smooth swing that strokes the ball nicely to the hole. This way of putting serves best on greens with a thick coat of grass on them, and there are such greens at Brookline. I mention this matter because I believe this American Championship will be won more on the putting than anything else. McDermott will have many things in his favour when playing in his own country.

But many of the Americans are talking now about the possibility of Mr. Jerome Travers being the first amateur ever to succeed in this event. It is surely inconceivable that any amateur will come out of this contest better than the great professionals of three countries who will be engaged in it; but Mr. Travers has been showing most dazzling form this season so far, and has displayed an ability in

stroke play that has not been customary with him in the past. One American critic says, "He can win it. The ability is there, and success depends entirely upon the amount of interest he gives to it." He has just won the New Jersey State Championship again, and, whoever visits the American Amateur Championship from our side, it is pretty certain that Mr. Travers will be a hot favourite for that event. It has been announced that Mr. Abe Mitchell will be a British competitor, and there may be one or two others. It takes place at Garden City, near New York, and Mr. Mitchell, if he makes the voyage, should do well; but I am none too sanguine of any British player winning the American Amateur Championship again for some time, as Mr. Hilton did two years ago.—HENRY LEACH.



NO FINDINGS KEEPINGS WHERE SANDY'S ABOUT! THE LOST GOLF BALL.

DRAWN BY J. INVER BURNS.



THE SERIOUS MR. HICKS : A COUPLE OF OLD FRIENDS.

THERE are two Mr. Seymour Hickses—one, the striving and insistent Mr. Seymour Hicks of musical comedy and revue, whose methods are too vigorous to be ingratiating; the other, the Mr. Seymour Hicks undertaking a serious rôle. There is no doubt as to which of these two personalities is preferable, and Mr. Hicks is giving us an opportunity of seeing him in Form Number

Two at the Coliseum, and in the character of David Garrick. Mr. Max Pemberton, the author of the piece, has been wise in adhering to the accepted stage story, because, while I believe there is not the remotest vestige of a foundation for it in fact, it makes a very good stage story indeed, and affords opportunities of which any actor of ambition would be glad to avail himself. In revising this cherished fable, Mr. Max Pemberton has not allowed himself to forget that he is writing for the halls, and in the very first scene we find him introducing something for the new audiences. The curtain rises upon Bosworth Field, and Mr. Seymour Hicks engages himself in mortal combat, as is required in Shakespeare's "Richard III." The fierce realism of the encounter rouses such feelings of excitement in the bosom of Miss Ada Ingot, who is seated in a stage-box, that she addresses David Garrick when he takes his call, and presents him with a posy of flowers. In

their predecessors. I learn from the carefully compiled programme that the two songs which she is now singing are called respectively "Je suis grise" and "Everybody Loves a Chicken," but I, for one, did not catch a word of either masterpiece. Still, everybody, including the *chanteuse*, appeared to be perfectly satisfied. There is no necessity why there should be any limit to these interpolations in a revue. They call for no great effort of ingenuity on the part of the producer, no rearrangement of scenes, and hardly any addition to the dialogue. All that has to be done is, when the psychological moment has arrived, and the chorus is duly deployed on the stage, for someone to say, loudly and distinctly, "Hullo, here's Anna Held!" and the deed is done. The new arrival proceeds to give such excerpts from her repertoire as may be convenient and desirable, and, having made a triumphal trip up and down the gangway, and having scattered a few flowers among the stalls, departs amid a gratifying accompaniment of applause. In fact, there is no particular reason why a revue should ever pretend to have a plot, even on the first night.

Another. Mr. Louis Bradfield, some years ago, was a recognised favourite at the Gaiety. He may

be said to have been of the Arthur Roberts school, having adopted the curious staccato form of conversation inseparably associated with the name of that great comedian, and, with this characteristic less noticeable with the flight of years, Mr. Bradfield has turned his attention to the halls, and is appearing at the Palladium in what the author, Mr. Adam Stern, calls "A Dilemma," entitled "Wanted, a Sovereign." This is a somewhat puzzling production, and is at times a little hard to follow. It depicts a young man of the "nut" variety, who has only fourpence upon him, and yet has taken to a Bond Street tea-shop a strange young lady with the class of comprehensive appetite which is commonly attributed to the emu. A considerable amount of time is spent in telephoning to friends with a view to the loan of a sovereign, and soon, for some reason or other, the friends who have declined to be accommodating to this extent come to the tea-shop—to see what the lady is like, apparently. After these interviews, which are necessarily of an unsatisfactory nature, the one friend who has proclaimed himself on the telephone ready to advance the requisite sovereign appears upon the scene, and, with no preliminaries and with no further ado, declares that the voracious lady is his wife, and down comes the curtain. Mr. Louis Bradfield does the best he can with this somewhat unsatisfying little piece, but one feels at the close that either it is too clever or it isn't nearly clever enough.

ROVER.



A REAL "GIRL ON THE FILM": MISS HENNY PORTEN—A CHARMING YOUNG PICTURE-PLAY ACTRESS.

Miss Henny Porten is well known on the picture-play stage both in Europe and America. Two of her recent successes have been in "The Spectre of the Sea" and "Facing the Footlights," and she is now starring in a series of photo-plays to be produced shortly in England and the Colonies by Messrs. A. E. Hubsch and Co., of 29a, Charing Cross Road. Miss Porten is a popular picture-postcard beauty. She was born in Hanover, and is just twenty.

the celebrated scene in which Garrick pretends to be drunk, Mr. Hicks thoroughly lets himself go, and behaves in a manner vividly in contrast with the dignity and charm of his former bearing; but he is not so completely successful when, in the midst of his outbursts, he is called upon to give indications that, in spite of his outrageous behaviour, he is, after all, only pretending. On the whole, however, Mr. Hicks is to be congratulated upon a very sound and convincing rendering of the character. He has the inestimable advantage of having Miss Ellaline Terriss to play the part of Ada Ingot. Miss Terriss has never looked more charming, and her playing is throughout winsome and appealing. In addition, Mr. Hicks receives excellent support from a well-chosen company headed by Mr. William Lugg.

One of Many Happy Returns.

Those who rule over the London Opera House still remain faithful to the policy of collecting heads, and their very latest acquisition is Miss Anna Held. It is quite a number of years ago—more, perhaps, than it would be polite to this little lady to work out—since Miss Held first flashed upon our ken. She was pert and *petite*, and used to favour us with saucy songs of the "Oh, won't you come and play wiz me" variety, making violent love the while to all and every one of the members of the orchestra. And now she returns, looking much the same as of yore, and singing ditties which sound very similar to



RATIONAL COSTUME FOR ROLLER-SKATING: MISS DICKIE THORPE IN "COME OVER HERE," AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Dickie Thorpe appears as one of the four charming friends of Perle St. Leger in the first Act of "Come Over Here," the popular revue at the London Opera House. In the roller-skating scene she is attired in the daintiest of rational costumes.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE CIRCUIT DE PICARDIE: STIFF HILL-CLIMBING TESTS IN DEVONSHIRE: NOTES ON NAPIERS.

Peugeots Prevail in Picardy.

The French generally, and the Peugeot people in particular, must feel more than satisfied at their double-barrelled victory in the late Grand Prix, the Circuit de Picardie. The wonderful regularity of the running of the two cars is more than remarkable, for the short space of 2 min. 25 3-5 sec. only separated them at the end of nearly eight hours' running. The average speed of 72 miles per hour is, considering the character of the course, nothing short of wonderful, and speaks volumes for the skill of the two men at the wheel, to whom the Peugeot firm are as much indebted for their victory as to the great quality of their cars. But Boillot is responsible for winning this great race in a double sense, for he is at one and the same time both driver and designer of the car he so brilliantly piloted to victory. So far as the different records of the race go, the accounts from the various parts of the track, he does not seem to have made a single mistake. Indeed, almost the same may be said of his colleague and runner-up, Goux, for, after all, the distance in time between them is a mere bagatelle.

The Fuel Surprise.

England was certainly defeated, but not disgraced. The six-cylinder Sunbeam, driven by Chassaigne, really did all that was expected of her, for it was pretty well known that Mr. Coatalen, when he adopted six-cylinder engines for his racing cars, did not expect to win. I fancy, however, that he is a somewhat disappointed man to-day because he did not finish his team in a clump, as looked very probable in the early part of the race. Resta finished sixth on the second Sunbeam; but where Guinness would have finished but for his most regrettable accident at Bovis, it is, of course, impossible to say. He was going very well up to the thirteenth round, but, as is now known, came to terrible grief three

Too Terrible Tests.

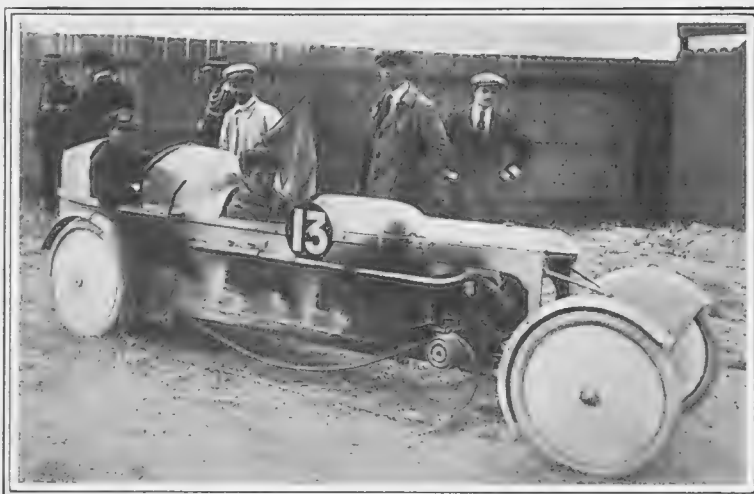
Napier cars are never allowed a moment's breathing-time. No sooner have they issued triumphantly from some soul-searching trial, than the brains of the staff are racked to divine something even more exacting. In support of this, I have before me an R.A.C. certificate of a performance, in which a bland, unoffending 15-h.p. Napier has been driven six times round a circular route in North Devonshire—from Porlock, through Contisbury, Lynmouth, Lynton, Barbrook Mill, Beggars' Roost Hill, Simonsbath, and back to Porlock. The course measured

35½ miles in circumference, and was driven over twice a day for three consecutive days. Porlock, Beggars' Roost, and Lynmouth Hills are three of the most severe ascents in England: Porlock, 1260 ft. rise, with parts of 1 in 4; Beggars' Roost, the steepest of the three, rising 400 ft. in about half-a-mile, with parts of 1 in 3 1-3; and Lynmouth, rising 600 ft., with gradients of 1 in 4, and a fearfully loose surface. There are many hairpin bends on the circuit, the rounding of which only the generous lock of the 15-h.p. Napier made possible. In spite of the extreme severity of the test, the gallant little Napier ran through with perfect regularity, and no involuntary stops.

Not Only Steep, but Shocking!

A few details regard to a car which has so signally distinguished itself will be of interest. The engine, of four

cylinders, had bore 3½ in. and stroke 5 in. The two-seated body had a wind-area of 14.3 sq. ft. The weight of chassis and body was 1 ton 7 cwt.; weight of load, live and dead, 462 lb.—a total of 1 ton 11 cwt. nearly. The complete distance run was 213 miles, and notwithstanding the arduous nature of the course, which all Somerset and Devonian automobilists will recognise, the total consumption of fuel was 14.16 gallons; equal to a



THE LUCK OF NUMBER THIRTEEN: BOURBEAU, WHO FAILED TO WIN AT AMIENS, ON HIS BEDELIA.

The first race for cycle-cars ever held took place on July 12 at the Grand Prix Meeting, at Amiens, over fifteen circuits of the course, or 162.9 miles. Britain won, W. G. McMinnies being first on a Morgan machine in 3 hours 53 min. 9 sec.; France came second, Bourbeau, on a Bedelia, taking 3 hours 55 min. 54 sec. There were twenty-six competitors—Bourbeau being given No. 13.—[Photograph by Topical.]



MOTORISTS TRAPPED IN A WOOD: AT THE MERCY OF THE ASSAILANTS.

Many attacks on motorists have been made at night on the Continent in lonely places on high roads or when passing through forests, resulting in personal injuries and robberies. The modus operandi of the highwaymen has been to stretch wires or ropes across the road, with results as shown. M. Makrinus has invented a "Metal Arm," which can be affixed in dangerous localities, and demonstrations with it have proved its utility and success.—[Photographs by Record Press.]

circuits later. This was due to no fault of his own or to that of the car, and it is a mercy that the accident was not even more deplorable than it was. The surprise of the event was the large percentage of petrol found remaining in the tanks of all the cars that finished, for it was very generally thought that in the last two or three circuits, at least, many of the cars would find themselves stranded for lack of fuel. Tyres, also, are said to have behaved well on all hands, particularly the Pirellis and Dunlops.



A VILLAINOUS ATTEMPT FOILED: SAVED BY M. MAKRINUS' METAL ARM.

consumption of 17.3 miles per gallon. Before going down to the West Country the car was timed over the flying half-mile at Brooklands, and found to do 57.66 miles per hour. It should also be noted that Lynmouth Hill is provided with a lift for raising cars to the top, and that the surfaces of many of the hills encountered were in a shocking condition owing to the barbarous use of skids by descending char-a-bancs. Standard gears were in operation and used throughout.



LORD ROCKSAVAGE has thought more about polo than about politics—indeed, he has given more time to the game than to anything except his soldiering. He is, in the grave language of the expert, "a remarkable person, having changed, in two years of assiduous practice, from one of the worst to one of the best players in England." If anything, he is inclined to be slow

and sufficient reason for the disposition of his fortune. The Sassoons, like the Rothschilds, were strictly obedient to the injunction of the Jewish law in regard to the tithe. To this obedience, and to the "family" system in business, both these master-groups of financiers attributed their success. David Sassoon, who gave his name to the famous firm, had eight sons. His strength was in his heirs.



ENGAGED TO MISS FOLJAMBE : CAPTAIN VICTOR YEATS-BROWN, OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN YEATS-BROWN, KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS : MISS RACHEL E. FOLJAMBE.



ENGAGED TO MISS HELEN GOUDY : MR. J. C. GERARD LEIGH, OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.



TO BE MARRIED TO CAPTAIN GERALD SLADEN, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE : MISS MABEL ORR-EWING.



TO MARRY MISS MABEL ORR-EWING : CAPTAIN GERALD C. SLADEN, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

Miss Rachel Emily Foljambe is the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Foljambe, of Osberton Hall, Notts., and 89, Queen's Gate. Captain Victor Yeats-Brown, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, to whom she is to be married in October, is the son of Mr. Montagu Yeats-Brown, C.M.G., of Il Castello, Portofino.—Mr. J. C. G. Leigh is a Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and is the only son of the late Captain Gerard Leigh and Mrs. Reginald Halsey.—Miss Mabel Ursula Orr-Ewing is the youngest daughter of Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Orr-Ewing, of Lennoxbank, Dumbartonshire, and 7, Hereford Gardens, W. Captain Gerald C. Sladen, of the Rifle Brigade, to whom she is to be married on July 24 (to-morrow), is the son of the late Colonel Sir Edward Sladen and Mrs. Leslie Rocke, of 32, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, W.—[Photographs by Thomson, Val P. Strange, Mayall, Mattype, and Gabbell.]

"Less rock and more savage," was the advice of an English captain. But the young player has not changed his method. The critics have learned that his apparent slowness is due to his extreme coolness. He is like the motor that goes fast without noise or jolt, and so deceives the trap-setters.

The Lady with a Will, and Others. Lord Rocksavage's engagement would have fallen in with all Lady Meux's prepossessions. It was she who left money to his brother, Lord George Cholmondeley, on condition that he "married a lady in Society." Miss Sybil Sassoon is very much in Society, and in exactly the Society that counted for more than any other with the Lady with a Will. Miss Sassoon has continued in all the firm friendships made by her father; she is honoured by the affection of the royal family. Tradition is strong in her; and like her brother, Sir Philip Sassoon, she has observed the desires of her father, expressed in his will, to the full. Sir Philip, in his business and pleasures, respects the pressure of the dead hand; and his connection with Hythe and the Commons is the direct fulfilment of Sir Edward's testamentary wishes.

The Sassoon System. Miss Sybil Sassoon inherited largely from her father. "I desire to state," he wrote in his will, "that I have made no bequests for charitable purposes—first, because I give and intend to give during my life according to my means, and, secondly, as a protest against what is, in my view, the impolitic and prohibitive legacy duty prescribed by law on charitable legacies." The second consideration doubtless weighed, with Sir Edward, but in the first lies the real

"Saturday-to-Monday." Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have again been doing a Saturday-to-Monday on the *Enchantress*. "They spent," says the *Morning Post*, "the week-end at Portsmouth."

Thus does a paper of light and leading offend the fashion in words! Three years ago "the week-end" was allowable; people used to go "week-ending" right and left; now they must never do so. Instead, they go away from Saturday to Monday. "What are you doing with your Sundays?" is a careful hostess's way of getting at her guests. The *Post* must learn the language of its readers.

Presented by Mrs. Walter Rubens. Mrs. Walter Rubens succeeds in all things. Even the little play

given after her dinner-party in Ennismore Gardens went extremely well. She knew the risks, took them, and triumphed; there is nothing more hazardous than the drawing-room drama. Both comedy and tragedy are apt to miss fire at close quarters—at very close quarters it is sometimes impossible to distinguish between them. Only the other night another attempt to persuade a small audience to appreciate a play in private fell absolutely flat. The final act, supposed to be devastatingly pathetic, had come to a languishing end. "How awful!" said the hostess in an awed whisper at the finish, to give the cue to a silent gathering. "Yes, pretty bad, wasn't it?" answered her chief guest, thinking only of the acting, and wishing to agree as cheerfully as possible. We are not told if explanations followed, and how politeness influenced their framing.



ENGAGED TO MR. GERARD LEIGH, OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS : MISS HELEN GOUDY.

Miss Helen Goudy, whose engagement to Mr. Gerard Leigh, of the 1st Life Guards, is announced, is the only child of the late Mr. William Goudy, of Chicago, U.S.A., and Mrs. Goudy, of 6, Great Cumberland Place.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Anodyne of the Garden Book.

There are signs that the present preoccupation with gardens is something more than a normal interest in flowers and plants. It is in danger of becoming a trifle morbid. When the incomparable "Elizabeth" delighted the reading world awhile ago with a description of her German garden, she little knew she was letting loose a torrent of literature on the subject of horticulture (odious word) which would be almost impossible to stem. For one garden book leads to another. The literary person can turn out an agreeable volume without giving you any satisfactory information on the subject of flower-growing, and the expert can turn out a handy text-book which, with illustrations of herbaceous borders, sundials, and what-not, appeals to the ordinary uninstructed mortal. Indeed, the literary person's book is generally freely interspersed with the author's comments on religion, the Tango, chemists' assistants, Poets Laureate, recipes for freckles, Victorian letter-writers, and other subjects quite unconnected with the culture of roses or lavender. Yet whatever form the ever-popular garden book may take, there is one purpose for which it is obviously designed, and that is as an Anodyne. In these times of dire unrest, of change and turmoil all over the world, you take your garden book as you would some extract of poppy, and let these slightly sentimental philanderings with flowers steal over your brain and deaden your conscience to the ugly doings in the world outside.

The Soldier-Man and His Face.

Long has the War Office been at grips with the gay subaltern on account of his unwillingness or his inability to grow that moustache which is supposed to betoken the military spirit. It being the mode for young men to be clean-shaven, the soldier, always smart in the matter of dress, naturally wishes to be in the fashion, while fiery old colonels rage, and the powers that be in Whitehall consume themselves in promulgating edicts against the offenders. Some of us think that a man in uniform looks better with his upper lip covered, and that a clean-shaven visage is apt to suggest an actor, a sailor, or a lawyer, rather than a soldier. But the extreme contumacy of our youth in this affair of the face has had the usual result of successful revolutions; the Government has given way, the War Office has climbed down, and now the most audacious warrior may appear, in uniform or out, with a face as smooth as a girl's. Up to now, I understand, officers had to prove that it was impossible for them to grow any adornment in the space between nose and mouth, so that there must have been some highly diverting scenes when this portentous subject had to be inquired into. Whether it was the regimental doctor or the "C.O." who instituted proceedings and held a court-martial on the offender, I am not sure; but in any case, there must have

been some amusing passages in this latest scene in the Human Comedy.

George Eliot and Her Carpets.

I have recently come across some unvarnished opinions of George Eliot on the subject of upholstery. They appear in some letters to an intimate friend and in the diary which she kept when she was first "setting up house" near the Regent's Park. Probably the home had to be furnished with a view to limited literary purses, and entailed much measuring and calculating, and the usual distress of mind, hesitation, sudden decisions and immediate regret incident in these cases. "At last we are in our new home," writes the author of "Middlemarch," "with only a few details still left to arrange. Such fringing away of precious life, in thinking of carpets and tables, is an affliction to me, and seems like a nightmare from which I shall find it bliss to awake into my old world of care for things quite apart from upholstery." Clearly this famous author had not the modern craze for furnishing, took no terrible delight in the chase for old cabinets and new "Masters," for she even let a friend choose the wall-papers and curtains, and was content to sit down and read Aristotle and play Chopin in surroundings chosen by someone else. I am not sure that the present-day dilettante does not over-do the furnishing mania, for those possessed of this most modern of infatuations can think of little else, and certainly books go by the board when Chinese screens, mezzotints, and William III. cabinets are to be acquired. Assuredly the new generation will not be interested in literature; but, on the other hand, it will live in an atmosphere of visual beauty.

The Vogue for Beer and Sausages.

Most temperate people are delighted to see that beer—the lightest and frothiest of German beer—is rapidly coming into fashion, especially among young men about town. The only drawback to the new drink seems to be that it produces—at any rate, in the Fatherland—an undue amount of fat. The English boy, however, takes so much exercise, what with the new dances and his games and sports, that he can easily lap up quite a quantity of "lager" in a day or an evening, and look no worse for it. This drinking of ale came in with the renaissance of dancing a season or two ago; it made its appearance, with hot dishes, about four in the morning, when exhausted Nature could no more, and the modern youth had definitely made up his mind that wine or whisky at that hour was deleterious. And with German beer appeared the homely German sausage, which now has a *chic* not to be attained

by more elaborate dishes. We live in a world of sudden change and ephemeral vogues, and no man knows what the morrow may bring forth.



TWO DAINTY COTTON FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

The frock of the young lady on the left is of pink cotton, with a ceinture of black-and-white spotted foulard, falling in front in long ends. White tulle forms the collarette. On the right we have a blue-and-white striped linen frock, set off, to give a befitting summer-time note, by a white linen collar and sleeves and small bows down the front.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 29.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SIR EDWARD GREY'S statement in the House of Commons did much to reassure the markets as to the Balkan outlook, but subsequent happenings, have mostly helped the bears and the war still drags on. So long as this continues no one can say with certainty when it will end; and when it does end there will still remain much to be done before conditions revert to the normal.

Another disturbing factor has been the revolution in Southern China, which appears to be assuming quite serious proportions. Business is practically at a standstill in Shanghai, according to the newspapers, and private cables which we have seen do not put a more rosy complexion on the outlook. Merchants are refusing to make contracts for any of the articles dealt in from that quarter without protecting themselves with a "Force Majeure" clause.

The state of Mexican affairs can cause no surprise to regular readers of these columns, but is none the less unsatisfactory.

MONEY.

A week or so back we remarked on the fact that the continued high Bank Rate was not proving sufficient to check the efflux of gold from the Bank of England. It now seems, however, that we were wrong, and the tide is turning in our favour. So much the better.

Although not as good as a year ago, last week's Bank Statement showed a distinct improvement, coin and bullion being up £838,000, and the reserve £1,068,000, while the latter's proportion to liabilities has improved from 50.5-8 to 53.3-8 per cent.

It is now confidently hoped that gold will shortly be sent from several of the South American States, including Brazil and Argentina, which should more than counterbalance any decrease in the shipments from the Rand. The autumnal demands for gold will undoubtedly be heavy, but, in consequence of the above factors, it is awaited with much greater confidence than was the case a few weeks back.

AMERICAN RAILS.

This market certainly took a turn for the better last week, several influences combining to encourage bears to cover. In the first place, the fears of a trainmen's strike were removed, and the questions at issue are to be settled by arbitration. The general feeling seems to be that some increase in wages is unavoidable, and that an increase before a strike is cheaper than one afterwards.

The preliminary statement of the Southern Pacific Company for the year ending June was better than expected: gross earnings increased by over eleven million dollars, and net earnings by nearly four-and-a-half million dollars.

It is now becoming possible to form some sort of estimate of the crops, and from all we can learn the grain crop is likely to be fully up to the average of the last few years. Cotton promises to be even larger than last year, as weather conditions up to the present have been excellent; something over fifteen million bales does not seem an improbable out-turn.

Union Pacific Common and Preference and Atchison appear to be among the most hopeful purchases at the moment.

SHORT NOTES.

There were not very many cheerful features at the Gold Fields Rhodesian meeting, but we were pleased to read that Lord Harris refused to listen to the idea of forming a company to support the market. For one thing, we do not think it would work; and for another thing, we should like directors of Rhodesian mining companies to confine their attention to making their properties pay. If this policy were pursued, shareholders would have little to fear from bear attacks on the Stock Exchange. Far too much attention has been paid in the past to manipulation of the Share Market, with its attendant secrecy and dissimulation.

It has now been officially announced that the English railway companies will confine their half-yearly announcement to the bare amount of the dividend. This is as we feared; and in spite of the generally expressed disappointment, it is unlikely that anything will be done to alter it. The reason given is that the accounts are, in most cases, about two months in arrears; but if we could be told the net figures for the first four months, it would be better than nothing; or would it not be possible to issue a short statement of the results achieved during the first half of the year as soon as the figures are available? If the shareholders insisted—but then, they never will!

The end of the National Telephone liquidation is now in sight. Mr. Justice Sargant decided last week that only the Deferred stockholders are entitled to share in the surplus of £200,000, and at the same time authorised the liquidator to distribute the remaining

assets apart from this surplus. Until it is certain that there will be no appeal, this surplus must be kept undistributed. The payment now authorised amounts to 4s. 4d. in the pound, and brings the amount received by the stockholders up to £96 13s. 4d. per cent.

We referred to the Rock Investment Company in January, and it is now announced that the directors have recommended a final dividend of 2 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, making a total of 3 per cent. for the year ending June 30. The Ordinary stock, at 62, does not offer a very high yield; and although there will, we believe, be an improvement in this direction before many years are past, the stock is rather speculative. The position is different, however, with both the 4 per cent. Debenture stock and the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preferred stock. Both these issues are more than covered by the present market value of the Company's assets, and the yields, at their respective prices of 83 and 90½, make them both desirable holdings and ones which should steadily appreciate in value.

We are glad to see some recovery in the price of Arauco shares. In reply to several correspondents who wrote to us when the shares stood between 8½ and 9½, we expressed the opinion that the quotation would surely recover. The loss of traffics which was shown during the first half of the year will, we believe, be recovered before very long, now that much of the new construction work is completed. Another point which appears to have been lost sight of is that the Company own coal-mines in addition to the railway, and receipts for this department half more than counterbalanced the loss in railway traffics. Chili continues to prosper, and we see no reason at all to alter our opinion that the shares are distinctly attractive, and will probably attain a higher price before long.

The Grand Trunk new issue came as a surprise to all except those in immediate touch with this Company's affairs, but we do not think holders of the junior stocks need worry themselves, as the money should begin to produce revenue almost at once. The terms, however, are surprisingly liberal. Even a year ago it would have been considered incredible that a railway of this size and importance should have to sell 5 per cent. notes at a net price of 96½.

The slump in Sopa diamond shares last week knocked another nail into the Mining Market's coffin. The only pleasant thing about the whole affair was that no one appeared to get wind of the news until the cable was posted in the House. This is, of course, as it should be but we have very little doubt that certain people have fewer shares now than they had last August, when the price was 50s. It is the same old story again: vague reports of high values and market manipulation. The public get the shares and the shop gets the money, and then the deluge! Who said Anglo-Continental?

A prospectus will have appeared by the time these lines are in print of a Company to work motor-omnibuses in the provinces. We think our readers would be wise to let others supply the necessary capital. London's position is unique, and results there cannot be taken as a criterion of those to be achieved elsewhere, and even in London the new routes to outlying districts are proving much less remunerative than was expected. As for the proposal to purchase the old 'buses from the L.G.O. Company, it is too foolish to believe. If it comes off, it will certainly be a bull point for the L.G.O. Company!

Saturday, July 19, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DINARD.—Wait for a good day and sell. We do not think you will ever see your price again. You have made a mistake in thinking that we recommended them.

VERSOM.—You are quite correct as to the name of the Company, but we think you would be wise to take a smaller profit than the one you mention. The motor business is a very speculative one. If you realise this, the two you have chosen are very fair. Thanks for kind remarks.

P. O. P. (Tring).—(1) In the face of your heavy loss we should hold, but they are not a first-class holding. (2) Choose a good day and sell. (3) Some nervousness is felt as to the Government's attitude towards companies' concessions. The President's reassuring message was rather non-committal, but we think you may hold. If they go much better, however, you should clear out.

S. O. S.—Send full details, and we will do our best.

WILLIE W.—(1) Fair. (2) A bad security. Sell as soon as possible. (3) You have seen our references to this Company in the last two issues. The price will go still lower, so the sooner you sell, the smaller your loss will be.

Standard Chemical Iron and Lumber Company of Canada sales for May—219,665 dols., compared with 207,847 dols. for the same month last year; total increase from January to date—103,190 dols.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Where Will They Live?

When Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife are married, where will they reside? Their country place will be Mar Lodge, a place very dear to its young owner, and certain to appeal to Prince Arthur, who is a keen and good all-round sportsman, and

who has always enjoyed his Scotch season. It will doubtless be a wrench to the Princess Royal to give up a house built under her personal supervision and an estate associated with all the chief happiness of her life, but her Royal Highness will doubtless often be the guest of the young people; meanwhile, it is more than probable that a house will be found near Mar Lodge for the Princess Royal and her younger daughter. Here in London it is difficult to say where the recently betrothed couple will settle.

If York House were not so useful for the entertainment of Presidents of Republics, the King might place it at their disposal. The Prince and his fiancée love open air and sylvan surroundings; it is therefore not unlikely that they will take a place a little way out of town, a thing which is finding favour with many of the high aristocracy.

MISS EVA SYKES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. HARDINGE LATHOM-BROWNE WAS FIXED FOR JULY 21.

Miss Eva Sykes, whose wedding to Mr. Hardinge Lathom-Browne, the only son of the Rev. R. C. Lathom-Browne, of Hever Rectory, Kent, was fixed for July 21, is the only child of the late Captain H. S. Sykes, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and of Mrs. F. R. C. Worsley, of 28, St. George's Road.

Photograph by Thomson.

The announcement of the engagement came as a complete surprise—it was quite another that was expected!

For the Moors and Links, the Rivers and Lochs.

of ladies who intend taking the strenuous holiday



FOR ANY LINKS IN ANY WEATHER: THE "WESTWARD HO!" GOLF SUIT IN NEW KNIT TWEED IN ALL COLOURS.

At Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.

dear to the British woman. There are tweeds of all kinds, very fascinating, very safe, very smart. A quite novel variety is the Knit Tweed. A golfing coat and skirt made of this tweed is shown in our illustration. It is very stylish, and is in many favourite shades—emerald and grass-green, browns and reds and purples. The coat is a Norfolk-jacket shape with a square yoke, and it is a very businesslike and neat golfing costume, and one in which to face any weather. The tweed—which, as its name denotes, resembles hand-knitting in the most effective patterns—is warm and light, and the coat can be played in quite comfortably, or, should the weather happen to be bright and sunny, be laid by for the motor journey home. The hat is made of similar tweed, and the *tout ensemble* is most successful because it is suitable.



TO MARRY MISS A. ROMER-WILLIAMS TO-MORROW (JULY 24): MR. ERIC NICHOLSON, 14th (KING'S) HUSSARS.

Mr. Eric Nicholson, of the 14th (King's) Hussars, has been A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief in India. Miss Armorer Romer-Williams is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Romer-Williams, of Newnham Hall, Daventry.



TO MARRY MR. ERIC NICHOLSON, 14th (KING'S) HUSSARS TO-MORROW (JULY 24): MISS A. ROMER-WILLIAMS.

The "Fish Walk."

The Duchess of Manchester has taken on herself to be the introducer of a new dance, which ought to be a cool one, to London society. We have learned from the column devoted to the dancing doings of the West End that a feature of a recent small dance given by her Grace was the performance of a measure called the "Fish Walk," by some highly aristocratic young people who had learned and rehearsed it specially. Later, there was an exposition of the steps of the Fish Walk—how you skipped several steps, then glided, and then skipped again. It sounds like the antics of escaped lunatics, and our respect for the specially rehearsing dancers diminishes to vanishing-point. It might be quite a pleasant variety at a children's party, but is unlikely to revolutionise London ball programmes. The truth is that the epidemic of dancing is dying out. At most of the balls of this season there were enough men only at the supper hour, and chaperons and their charges made a decorative but dull dado round the wall during long periods of the evening. Things will right themselves, and there will be dancing again, but not fish-walks, nor cake-walks, nor turkey-trots, nor any other such fearful wildfowl of terpsichorean nightmare. Dancing in moderation will be in favour again;

it will take its proper and delightful part in our hospitalities, in and out of the season. Forcing unimportant dances into the limelight of public print has produced a feeling of monotony about them which has led to grotesque efforts at variety which are bound to fail.

For Warmth, "Coolth," and Comfort.

When found, a fabric that can assure these things to its wearers should, in the language of Captain Cuttle, be made a note of! It is worth while to send to Oliver Brothers, 417, Oxford Street, for patterns and particulars of their Aertex Cellular Clothing, if real comfort and convenience during a summer holiday are to be consulted. There are smart shirts, well cut and with Raglan sleeves, in white cloth, with neat little patch breast-pockets; and there is a delightful variety of shirts in fancy striped cloth at the modest price of 4s. 11d. These, with ties and belts matching the stripe in colour, and attainable at the same place, make a remarkably smart finish to a tennis, boating, cycling, or golfing skirt. Aertex Cellular cloth is woven in a scientific way to keep air near the skin. It is porous, and in cold snaps keeps warm air near the skin; while in the heat it keeps cool air near the skin, and is delightfully ventilated. It washes most easily, and requires no starching; its conveniences for touring are very great. There are neat little kimono rest-jackets in different colours, with an inch-wide border of white, which are dainty and delightful, and cost only 7s. 6d. Mothers will delight, too, in the prettiest little outfits for children in the finely woven cloth. If a personal visit cannot be paid to Oliver Brothers, it is well worth while to have patterns and prices when preparing for the holidays.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT HUGH EARDLEY - WILMOT, DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT, ON JULY 26: MISS EVELYN HINDE.

Miss Evelyn Hinde, who is to be married to Lieutenant Eardley-Wilmot, of the Devonshire Regiment, the son of Judge Eardley-Wilmot, of Colchester, is the daughter of the late Surgeon-Major-General Hinde, C.B., of Ingleburn, East Moseley.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

NIJINSKY AND THE DANCING REVOLUTION.

WHEN M. Nijinsky created a ballet out of Debussy's Prelude to Mallarmé's "Après-Midi d'un Faune" the public was but slightly shocked, for although the movements and the scenery were as unfamiliar as the whole-tone scale upon which the ballet is built up, the spectacle was completely novel, and was over before astonishment could give place to expression. Naturally, under the circumstances, the applause was long and loud, for it was an expression of relief as well as admiration, and the great pantomimist, mistaking the mixture of values underlying the reception, repeated the ballet then and there. After that M. Nijinsky presented another little ballet by Debussy, the tennis ballet, called "Jeux," and this was pronounced ridiculous or audacious, according to the temperament of its critics.

If M. Nijinsky had been a young man with a future to look to, he would have stopped there; but being a young man with a future already secured, he produced last week "Le Sacre du Printemps," a strange and startling work set to what must enjoy the courtesy-title of music by M. Stravinsky, the composer of "Petrouchka." It is a brave piece of invention dealing, in fashion that follows no tradition of ballet, with a primeval world. We see young men taking lessons in the magic arts from a sorceress, then we see them dancing with the girls of their choice, and then there is an imposing procession of old folk who express some form of Nature-worship through the medium of formal and conventional gesture. Later, on the crest of a hill, there is another religious dance, at the end of which the chief dancing-girl apparently goes mad and dies—a small matter, because, had she lived, she was to have been sacrificed.

The gestures are arbitrary, and have been specially designed by Nijinsky. The music is concerned, apparently, with nothing but rhythm. Of melody we find nothing to speak of; and as far as harmony is concerned, one can only say that all those who have sought to be strident and unintelligible, and have succeeded beyond their wildest hopes, will have a jealous eye for M. Stravinsky. He does not pause to consider such trifles as key relationships; indeed, he prefers to keep several keys going at any moment in the orchestra, and the relations between them are not, perhaps, very unlike those that exist between Servian and Bulgarian at time of writing. Mr. Evans, who has lectured with success upon the operas of Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, endeavoured valiantly enough to explain that M. Stravinsky's intentions were strictly honourable, and that M. Stravinsky's music has serious intentions; but the audience seemed to feel that the joke had gone too far, and that their ideals of beauty were being ridiculed. Yet it may be

suggested with confidence that the audience were probably wrong, that MM. Nijinsky and Stravinsky are probably right, and that in a few years we shall have learned, however indignantly, that there are other things in music and in ballet than sweetness and sensuous beauty, just as there are other things in terms of paint than domestic stories.

"To express silence in terms of music," said Cabaner to his friends of the Café Guerbois, "I should require three military bands." To express simplicity we have to use complex means. Nijinsky and Stravinsky have chosen deliberately to give us a ballet dealing with primitive life, and to express the beginnings of sensuous music and movement. Granting that this was their object, it would have been frankly absurd to give us for movement a twentieth-century ballet-school's development along the lines of eighteenth-century France and Italy, or music in which melody—which, after all, is a comparatively modern development—expresses emotion and takes the place of the human voice. Even the union between the stage and the orchestra, so inevitable in the conventional ballet, is disregarded here, and Stravinsky has no more to say to his gifted colleague than Debussy has to say to Maeterlinck in "Pelléas et Mélisande." Each writes an orchestral commentary—the one gives us a thing of beauty, and the other something difficult, if not impossible, to understand. At the same time, it is well to remember that when we are unable to understand anything in any form of art, it is just possible that the fault may not be with the artist. At a first hearing, Stravinsky appears to offer us sheer cacophony, but it is more than likely that a second or third hearing, while it could not help us to appreciate normal beauty where no such thing exists, would at least give us sufficient familiarity with the score to enable us to realise the honest motive underlying its composition.

In all probability, both dancer and musician are following the lines of French modernism—they are divorcing their art from beauty as we conceive beauty. If they are as greatly gifted as they are conscientious, it is quite possible that they will end by giving us a new art-form, which will be received as Victor Hugo and Wagner and Manet were received when they ventured to impose new art-forms upon those comfortable classes upon whose behalf Oliver Wendell Holmes pleaded for a Society for the Propagation of Intelligence.

Frankly, it is not necessary to understand the new movement in order to accept it. Let us consider the work that its originators have done, and we shall realise at once that they have, at least, a claim upon our respectful attention. They have nothing to hope for from a new departure except misunderstanding, abuse, and derision.

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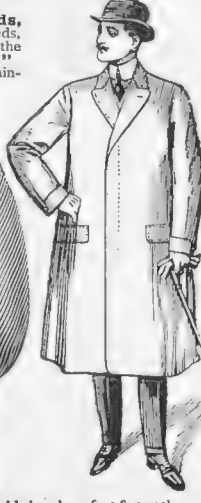
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Jockeys v. Athletes; The Russian Waterloo Cup; The Spirit of the Old Regime; Miss Sybil Sassoon; The Duchess of Fife; Le Sacre du Printemps; Maurice and Florence Walton; a Hastings Eden; "Step this Way"; Mrs. Langtry on the Film.



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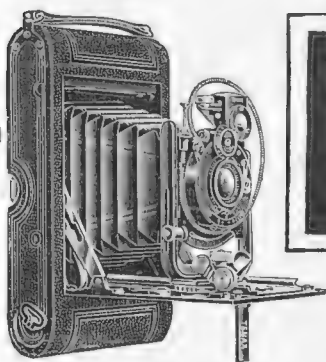
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THE FORM THAT FASCINATES

Fashionable Slimness Recovered.

WHETHER the ideal female figure of to-day is as beautiful as that of classic times need not be discussed here. Suffice it to say that the *fashionable figure* nowadays is slim and *svelte*—the fascinating "straight-line figures," and that over-stout women are sadly "out of the picture."

There is no reason, however, why they should continue to be so inelegant, so conspicuous by reason of their exaggerated *embonpoint*. Stoutish women, whether quite young or of mature age, have a sure remedy for over-fatness in the famous standard remedy, Antipon, which has wrought thousands upon thousands of cures, often in the most despairing cases of obesity.

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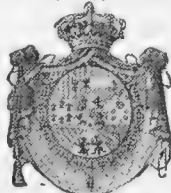
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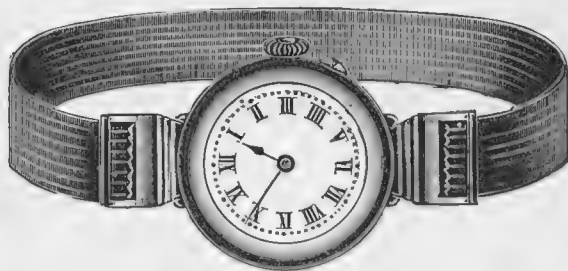
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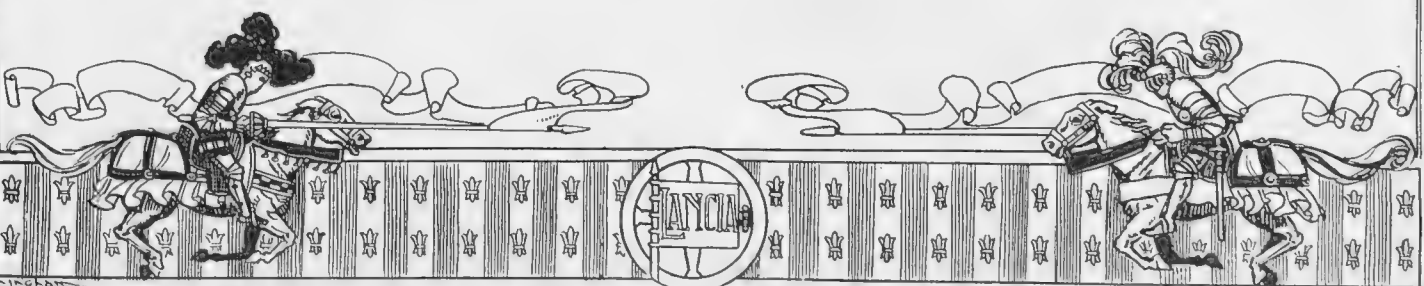
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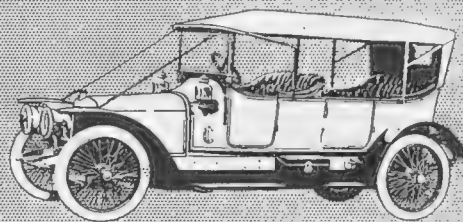
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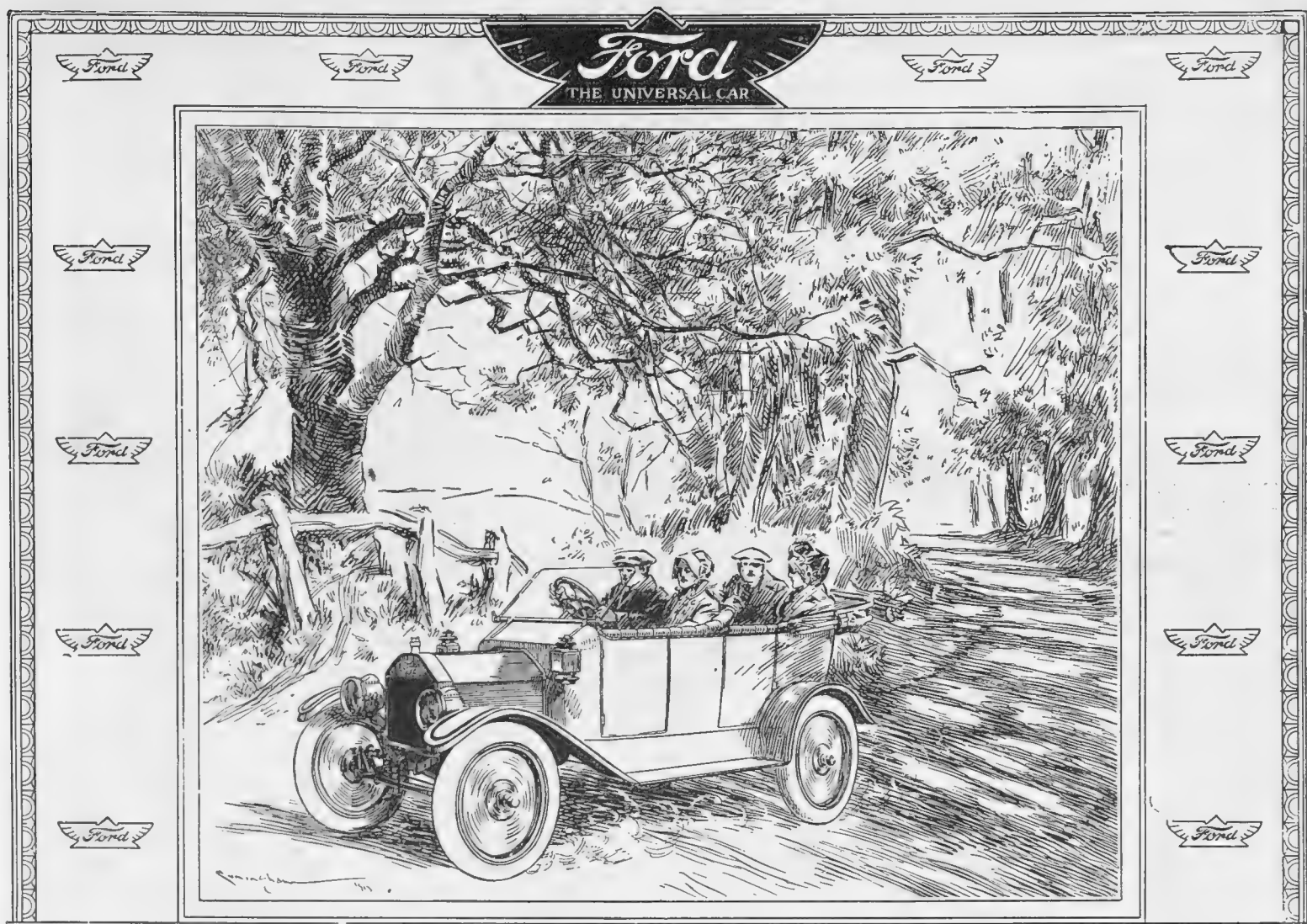
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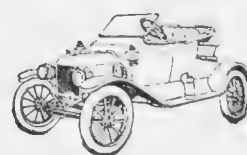
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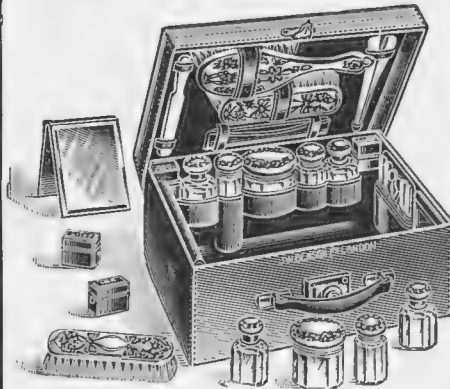
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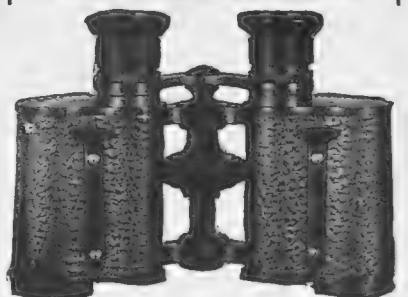
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSES.

THE revival of "Rigoletto," with Melba in the familiar rôle of Gilda and M. Gilly as the Jester, drew a considerable audience to Covent Garden, in spite of the week-end habit, and the baritone made ample amends for his comparative failure as Valentine, in "Faust." Not only did he sing in truly dramatic fashion, using the musical phrases to their proper end of making the story more effective, but he acted as though the part interested him. One felt that Rigoletto was a living man and not a mere stage figure captured from "Le Roi s'Amuse" for purely conventional stage purposes. It might be said that, just as far as the whole performance failed to be great, M. Gilly was responsible, for he had introduced a fervour and an intensity of purpose that were not shared by his companions. Mme. Melba and Mr. McCormack sang their music beautifully, but neither showed any intense desire to come within the picture. This is not unnatural at the end of a long season, but at the same time it is regrettable; for the moment we admit that beautiful singing is all that is required from the old-fashioned operas, their day is done. "Rigoletto" is an old rather than an elderly opera. It was produced for the first time about sixty years ago, but it had only just come of age when "Ivan the Terrible" was produced, and it is not nearly decrepit; as are both "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," which followed it. In fact, the opera, though written in little more than a month, and under difficulties to which it is unnecessary to refer in this place, is a great work of its kind and is worth treating enthusiastically. But if the audience is to have enthusiasm it must always get it direct from the stage; and though it is far more difficult to do work that custom has staled as though it had all the freshness of a novelty, the effort is demanded on the part of one and all, from prima-donna to chorus-singer.

In spite of the variety of opinion about the proper way of presenting "Don Giovanni," Covent Garden's method has undoubtedly proved very acceptable, for the opera has been given twice already, and is down for a third performance to-night (July 23). Mozart's place, whether in the opera-house or the concert-hall, remains secure throughout the changing years and, whatever the style of music with which it is associated, delights all music-lovers. They do not accept it as something they ought to appreciate, but rather as something that makes an irresistible appeal to them. There is pleasure for everybody, and even in the years when melody has gone quite out of fashion, and any acquaintance with harmony is deemed superfluous in the case of a serious musician, Mozart will still find a hearing


and be treated as an exception to the rules of the future that banish melody from music as a weak concession to uncultivated ears. Covent Garden's next revival, too late for notice here, will be "Romeo et Juliette," with Mr. McCormack and Mme. Melba in the name-parts. It is matter for congratulation that this beautiful opera is to get a hearing, for it is undoubtedly the best of Gounod's stage works in point of sheer lyrical beauty, and the composer preferred it to his "Faust." The difficulties of the tenor part have often stood in the way of securing a performance, but we may hope that the opera will have been given twice by the time the season ends.

At Drury Lane, the new ballet, "Le Sacre du Printemps," has created a sensation; reference is made to it in another part of the paper. An extra performance of "Boris Godounov" has been given in response to a very general demand, and "Ivan the Terrible" is an acknowledged success. Sir Joseph Beecham has been clever enough, or fortunate enough, to give his public considerably less than it would have welcomed in the way of operatic performances. He has stimulated a curiosity and whetted an appetite that will serve him in good stead when he ventures again into the operatic arena; while the great success of Chaliapine prepares the way for the distinguished bassi who may now be hiding their lights because composers have so little use for them. The old writers of opera knew better: Gluck and Mozart, to name only two, were devoted to the bass voice; and the modern tendency to lift the tenor on to a pinnacle is much to be regretted, for it is impossible to remove a certain touch of effeminacy from any tenor voice, however beautiful. Unfortunately, fashion is a stern taskmaster, and an extremely inartistic one; its ruling has relegated the bassi to a second place, and it needed the extraordinary gifts, both vocal and dramatic, of a Chaliapine to remind us of the absurdity of the modern tendency. It is more than likely that in the near future our modern composers will realise that it is possible for their operatic heroes to have the voice of strong men, though one is not prepared to say that the future of the purely sentimental duet will be strengthened on this account. But we live in changing times; one after another the old conventions disappear, and one looks forward to a very near future when the old opera-goer, like the old politician, will be seen sitting in the bay-window seats of St. James's, and declaring with conviction that opera, like the country itself, is going, or has already gone, to the dogs. This, after all, is a very pleasing prospect. The revolution has been a long time coming, but it seems to be very near us now, and it may be that the short season of Russian Opera at Drury Lane will take a well-defined place in this country's operatic annals.

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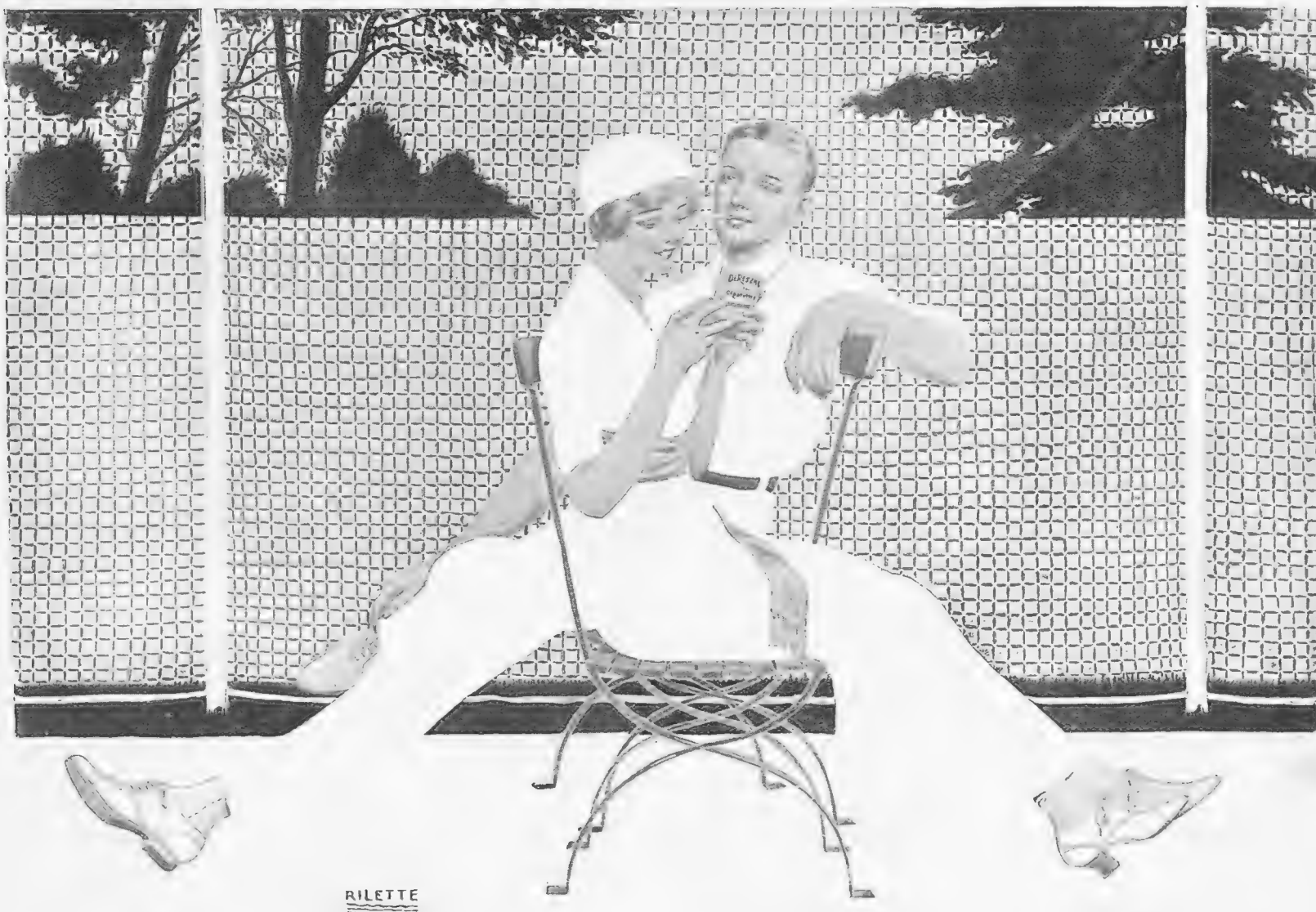
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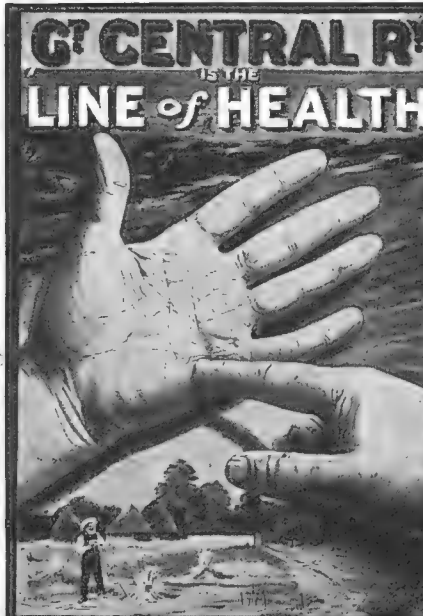
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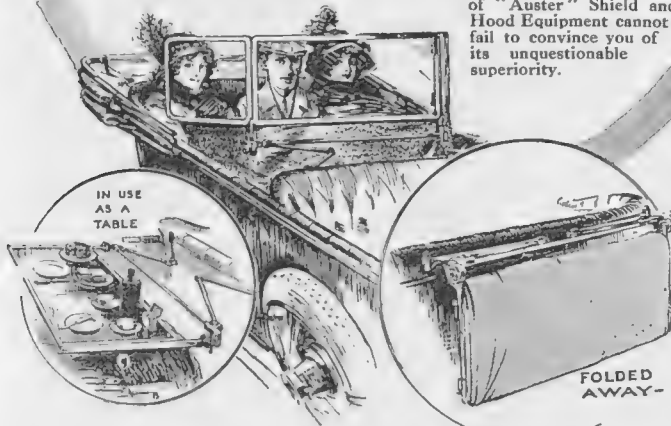
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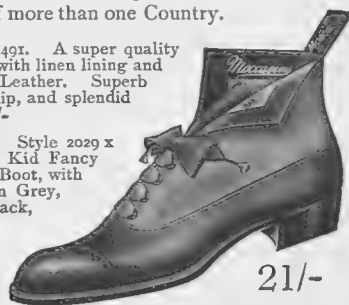
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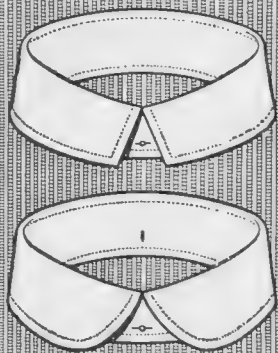
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Castle Collars are our own make throughout, faced with Linen woven in our Banbridge factory, and bearing the sheen and snowy whiteness Linen alone imparts.

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

IN view of August Bank Holiday the Brighton Railway announce one to fifteen-day cheap excursions to Dieppe, Rouen and Paris, tickets being issued on July 31 and between Aug. 1 to 4, by day and night expresses and the special afternoon service (Victoria) on Aug. 2. The journey may be broken both ways at Brighton, Dieppe and Rouen. Friday-to-Tuesday tickets will hold till the Wednesday. The new Pontoise route shortens the journey by twenty miles, and the 24-knot steamers cross in 2½ hours.

To cope with the huge programme of day and half-day excursions on the Sunday and Monday all over the Great Eastern system, a special booking office will be opened at Liverpool Street Station from July 28 to Aug. 2. Programmes and tickets can be had at all the Company's London offices, and guides from the Line Superintendent, Liverpool Street. The Great Eastern Railway are also running cheap excursions every Thursday to the principal towns in the Eastern Counties, every Friday to North-Eastern stations and Scotland, and every Saturday to Lancashire, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire and North-East watering-places. Week-end tickets to inland stations will be extended an extra day. For passengers detained late on Saturday a special midnight train will leave Liverpool Street at 12.45 for Norwich, Yarmouth and Lowestoft, via Ipswich, calling at the principal intermediate stations; and a supper-train will leave Liverpool Street at 12.3, night, for Colchester and Clacton-on-Sea. On Tuesday, Aug. 5, additional expresses will run for visitors returning to London. In addition the Great Eastern Railway Company announce fifteen-day cheap return tickets to Ghent for the Exhibition, by Harwich, Antwerp and Brussels, starting at night and arriving in the morning. The Amsterdam Shipping Exhibition is accessible by the Harwich-Hook of Holland route; through trains, with restaurant-cars, also running to The Hague and Amsterdam, and to Germany, North and South. The Danish mail steamers leave Harwich for Esbjerg on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1 and 2; the Swedish mail steamer for Gothenburg on Aug. 2, and General Steam Navigation Company's steamers for Hamburg on July 30 and Aug. 2.

The Great Western weekly excursions hold for varying periods to all parts of the system until the end of September: Sundays, to South Wales; Mondays, to Weston-super-Mare, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Wye Valley, Somerset, Devon, and the Cornish Riviera, and to Ireland; Fridays, to Somerset, Devon, the Cornish Riviera, Wales, the Channel Isles, Manxland, Weymouth, Liverpool, with tours to Killarney and Kingstown (rail, coaching and steamer trips); Saturdays, to the Channel Isles, North Wales, Isle of Man, Cheltenham, Manchester, Oxford, Birmingham, Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, etc. The August Bank Holiday Programme of Excursions will shortly be ready at all stations and offices; it offers trips for varying periods all over the system daily from Friday, Aug. 1, to Wednesday, Aug. 6. Period bookings will be given by most day and half-day trips, and week-end tickets will be specially extended.

For the August Bank Holiday on the Continent the South Eastern and Chatham Railway issue excursion tickets to Paris, via Folkestone

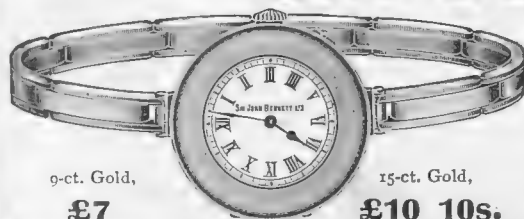
and Boulogne, from Victoria, 2.45 p.m., Saturday, Aug. 2, and by express from Charing Cross, 10.0 a.m., July 31, Aug. 1 to 4, the 1.58 p.m. service and night service leaves Charing Cross at 9.0 p.m., via Dover and Calais; tickets hold for fifteen days. Cheap tickets to Brussels will be issued from July 30 to Aug. 4, available fifteen days. Special service leaves Charing Cross, 4.30 p.m. for Dover, Calais, Boulogne, and the coast, on Aug. 1. Cheap excursion to Boulogne leaves Victoria 2.45 p.m., Aug. 2, returning 11.45 a.m. or 6.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap eight-day returns are issued at Charing Cross for Calais, and fifteen-day returns to Holland, via Queenborough and Flushing, leaving Victoria and Holborn at 9.55 a.m.; and also eight-day tickets to Ostend and the Ardennes. The Continental services run as usual, with, on Aug. 5, a service leaving Boulogne 8.45 a.m., and reaching Charing Cross 12.10 p.m. To all coast and inland resorts on the system week-end tickets will be extended from Aug. 1 to 6, inclusive, and there will be a cheap afternoon and all-day excursions on the Sunday and Monday; also special cheap tickets to the Crystal Palace.

For the August Holidays the London and South-Western have organised, in addition to the weekly excursions, special cheap trips on Sunday, Aug. 3 (morning and midnight), to Exeter, Dartmoor, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, etc., returning Monday night. On Bank Holiday, a special half-day express to Swanage, Weymouth, etc., leaves Waterloo at 11.22 a.m., with luncheon and supper-cars. There are daily trips to the New Forest districts. Passengers for Normandy leave Waterloo by supper-car train at 9.45 p.m., sleep comfortably crossing to Havre, have a day on the Norman coast, sleep on the midnight boat from Havre, breakfast in the train, and reach London at 9.0 a.m., being absent one day only from business. In addition to the summer excursions to Normandy and Brittany are special trips: July 29, 31, and Aug. 2 to Cherbourg; Aug. 1 and 2 to St. Malo; July 31, Aug. 1, 2 (day and night boats), and 4 to Havre, Rouen, etc.; and to Paris for fifteen days or less. On Aug. 2, seventeen-day tickets to Guernsey and Jersey from London are available by all boats via Southampton. For programmes, apply to Mr. Holmes, Line Superintendent, Waterloo Station.

The Great Central Railway offer a choice of excursion facilities for the coming Bank Holiday to over three hundred holiday resorts and towns in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England, special trains leaving Marylebone on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Aug. 1, 2, 3 and 4, equipped with restaurant-cars at moderate tariff. Day or week-end excursions are arranged to picturesque and historic places in Middlesex, Herts, and Bucks, with special cheap fares for walkers and cyclists. Apply at Marylebone Station, G.C.R. agencies, or the Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

The Midland Railway issue August Bank Holiday tickets, for periods from three to eighteen days, to the principal Scottish and Irish holiday resorts, as well as to Belfast and the Antrim Coast, Dublin and south-western Ireland, and to the Peak District, Yorkshire Spas, the Lakes, and the Isle of Man. Nearer London (for Bedfordshire, and places in the Midlands) there are shorter-period tickets; also week-end extensions. Corridor expresses ensure comfort for long-distance travel.

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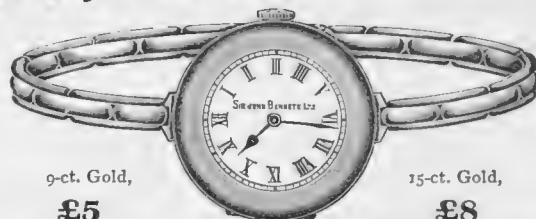
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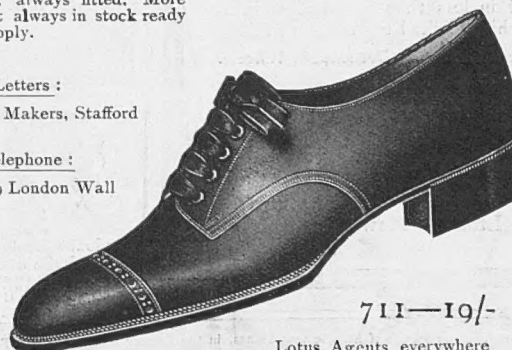
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Repentance of Destiny."

By SHWAY DINGA.
(Duckworth.)

"A Romance of Anglo-Burman Life" is the sub-title to "The Repentance of Destiny." But romance has a poor time with Walworth Bubbles. Walworth was, in the author's phrase, "a not uncommon specimen of Oxford scholarship adrift on Imperial waters with old and obsolete adjuncts of navigation that had done well enough under Greek or Roman skies, but which were quite unsuited to the little-surveyed bays and channels of Eastern thought and life." There is, *inter alia* an unpleasant side of a certain question which receives notice at the author's hands: the Hindu who comes to graduate in our schools, and throws off one civilisation without acquiring another. He comes to us braced by the tenets of Hinduism. He returns "addicted to brandy and brown boots." The author feels too much to write a mere story. He is tuned to the tragic needs of his warm-blooded Burma. That blood runs through men and women there, he says, inflammable as the murky rivers of petroleum that flow in the bosom of its soil. What wonder that such as Walworth Bubbles came to shipwreck on its current! His hero, one Tun Min, who starts out by renouncing religion for Imperial service, retires in the final chapter with some dearly bought experience to a cave and Pure Reason on the high hills. "The Repentance of Destiny" is not a pleasant book; it is a passionate statement of Indian thought and feeling, and as such should appeal to another class from the usual novel-reader.

"The Distant Drum."

By DUDEY STURROCK.
(The Bodley Head.)

If the drum be distant, it is a remarkably loud one. It raps out what thrills may be extracted from beauty and viciousness and drugs, from motor-runs and air-flights, with a rush and rattle that are bewildering. The pace is set where record pace is kept—in New York. And New York seems a city where young Englishmen with more money than sense, and more chivalry than either, are sadly out of their depth. But Mrs. Sebastin, the lurid heroine, was so accomplished and so unscrupulous and so capricious a Circe that all men, the best and the worst, were but *naifs males* before her. Having married "Bunny" Thorne, the wealthy Englishman, who was over in New York just to take a look about him, she proceeded to torture him. Two previous husbands

she had put away. Her income came from a disreputable source; she owned a big Renault limousine and a *chic* "two-seater"; she inhabited a beautiful house on Long Island; she dressed with all the elegance, bravado, simplicity, and extravagance that her condition demanded. Bunny Thorne's bronzed face was particularly noticeable by reason of the sheer virility of its lines; Mrs. Sebastin's slender figure carried a hint of voluptuousness in its outline. And these two compelling personalities pursue their drama—she through incredible depths of treachery and hysteria; he across equally incredible heights of generous chivalry right up to the police-court, where she does her cunning best to finish him in the Tombs. A strange repentance, a desperate ruse contrived by another woman, and a dose of veronal are the only adequate means of closing.

"Sandy Married."

By DOROTHEA CONYERS.
(Methuen.)

"Think, when we talk of horses . . . it is a theme as fluent as the sea," runs the heading to a chapter in Mrs. Conyers' new novel. And it might run as motto to her story. Sandy, whose affairs are a background only to present events, finds himself suddenly left trustee to the estate of an eccentric friend, Mr. Hannyside, who died before attaining his ambition of winning the Grand National, and took revenge on fortune in a singular will. His nephew and niece—cousins—were to inherit on condition of keeping up the stud for the great race, or of marrying each other. Failing either, the stud was to go to a very charming dependant, Molly Knox, with £3000 for its annual upkeep. Now, the nephew, Hildebrand Hannyside, was of the ilk who renounced cigarettes that their value might benefit widows and orphans of reformed men in the Caribbean Islands; he was a Greater Bethelite. Araminta, the niece, was an ascetic High Church member—two people with only one link between them, and that an abhorrence of racing. This is the farcical situation created by Mrs. Conyers, and her readers will enjoy it as much as she does. But the levity with which the human units are treated gives way to *le grand sérieux* when it becomes a matter of horses. Hildebrand and Araminta are but outrageously carved pegs on which to hang a batch of good stories; but the stable, with Red Fang and Pop Gun and Beau Say, even the hunters in delightful, sportive Ireland, are seen and felt with the sympathy of a lover. As to the folk, a codicil found on the last page but one settles them satisfactorily; and the beasts fall into the keeping of those who not only suffered them gladly, but found their best happiness in their possession. So all is for the best.

The Grand Prix.**Standard v. Racing Engines.**

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SUNBEAM	-	-	-	-	4494 cc.
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SCHNEIDER	-	-	-	-	5501 cc.
EXCELSIOR	-	-	-	-	6107 cc.

It will be seen from these figures that the Sunbeam engine was the smallest of all eleven cars which finished.

Sunbeam cars in the Grand Prix did not race with special monster racing engines—but with engines of standard design and size to demonstrate what a Sunbeam—as supplied to the public—is capable of performing under the most exacting conditions.

Last year the Sunbeam four-cylinder standard engine proved what it could do by winning 1st, 2nd and 3rd places in the Grand Prix (3-litre section). This year the Sunbeam six-cylinder standard engine demonstrated what it can do by running against special racing engines, and even then was only beaten by 12 mins. by one firm whose cars had specially designed racing engines.

The Sunbeam covered lap after lap with clock-like regularity: 25 of the 29 rounds, each 20 miles, were traversed in less than 17 mins. each, a marvellous display of consistent running which elicited the highest praise.

Sunbeams were fitted with Dunlop Tyres and Goodyear Detachable Wheels.

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THE rugged grandeur of the North Cornwall coast is, of course, its special charm, but there is also a combination of delightful contrasts that makes the complete change so essential to ensure a beneficial holiday. Here are windswept hills and sheltered vales, the thunderings of giant rollers on the rock-bound shores, the music of rippling streams rushing seawards through luxuriant glens, the invigorating breezes from across the Atlantic, sweetly scented zephyrs from the moors, gaunt grey cliffs towering into the sky, guarding quiet havens with lovely stretches of sparkling sands, magnificent prospects across country and grand Channel views; and last, but not least, daylight lingers—sunset being half an hour later than in London—thus allowing of all being enjoyed to the utmost extent.

At both Bude and Padstow excellent and ample accommodation is provided for visitors, and in the matter of attractions everything is thoroughly up-to-date; near Padstow is the splendid St. Enodoc golf course. Boscastle, a pretty village with curious harbour, and Tintagel, for King Arthur's Castle and Rocky Valley, are the "show" places most frequented by tourists. Other small but attractive resorts are: Crackington Haven, Port Isaac, Port Gaverne, Harlyn Bay, etc.; and inland, Launceston, Wadebridge, and Bodmin make good centres. Coaching tours are the feature of a North Cornwall holiday, and boating, bathing, golf, tennis, fishing, bowls, and other pastimes can be indulged in. Return fares from London, from 22s.

EXCURSIONS EVERY WEEK from LONDON (Waterloo) to these and other charming resorts in Devon, Cornwall, and the Sunny South, or across the Channel, in Normandy, Brittany, etc.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY
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For full particulars see Holiday Programme.

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Distillery established 1858

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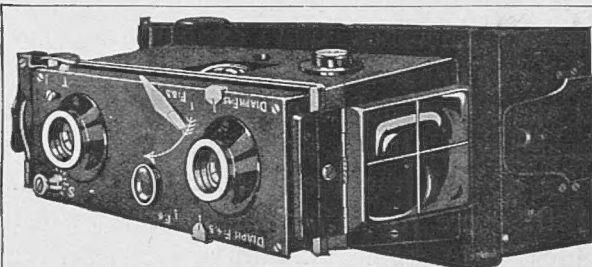


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List No. 4—it is free

There is no photography that vies with the Stereoscopic. The ordinary paper prints are "flat," poor, and lifeless compared with stereoscopic pictures, in which every detail of each figure, tree, or leaf can be viewed standing out in the same bold relief as in actual life. Anyone who has never shared in the joys of Stereoscopic photography should pay a visit to Jules Richard, Verascope House, 27, New Bond Street, W., where they will see Stereoscopic pictorial gems, all of which have been created by amateurs with the Verascope Camera. This Camera is so simple to work that a child can learn quickly to produce beautiful photographs of lasting delight. Therefore write for List No. 4 to-day



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THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO., LTD. Dept. "S." LONDON

These are Facsimilies of our Celebrated



OSCAR SUTTON'S TOOTH BRUSH

PRICE 1/-

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OSCAR SUTTON & CO PRESTON



BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

Armed with these weapons you defy the ravages of caries and can preserve your teeth. Both are made with the best skill and materials.

Refuse cheap substitutes which are always worthless

If you have any difficulty in obtaining our goods, we will supply you.

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CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease, and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample 1d. stamp. F. Chivers & Co., Ltd., 32, Albany Over 50 years' success. Wks. Bath.



Daily Mishaps

ZAM-BUK is *the* daily need, because there is nothing else known to science which performs the same marvellous healing, or dispels disease from the tissues anything like Zam-Buk does.

Not only is Zam-Buk a highly concentrated and novel healing agent, but it has splendid antiseptic properties. In a natural way belonging to the natural herbs from which it is manufactured, this rare balm stops the growth of harmful microbes that explain the festering of a neglected or wrongly treated sore; it kills or nullifies all dangerous influence at once, and causes the tissues, which it has first made clean in a medical sense, to knit together once more until all trace of the sore or injury has gone. Nothing allays pain and inflammation or reduces swelling like Zam-Buk does.

Zam-Buk carries on its wonderful and necessary work of antiseptic healing swiftly and without hindrance because of the balanced and highly refined character of the balm, and this work is not impeded by the presence of any of the coarse animal fats that are to be found in ordinary salves.

Zam-Buk is herbal in origin and absolutely pure, and is the ideal healer and skin-cure for daily home use. A box of Zam-Buk always kept handy will save expense, pain, and worry.

MAKE ZAM-BUK A DAILY NEED.



Miller says he Always 'Flies to Zam-Buk' when Cut or Bruised — "You must use Zam-Buk! It will soon cure you," said Master Willie Pears to a farmer's son

who had been badly kicked on the head by a horse.

"Willie, though only three years old, is very enthusiastic about Zam-Buk," writes Mr. W. A. Pears, a miller, of Sancton, R.S.O., East Yorkshire. "He fell out of a swing a short time ago and severely bruised his leg. The injured limb was immediately dressed with Zam-Buk, which we always keep handy, and Willie's leg soon got better. In my business as a miller I am amongst machinery a great deal, and whenever I meet with an accident, I always fly to Zam-Buk. Only about a month ago I gashed my thumb severely, cutting the nail almost to the bottom. I simply washed the thumb and spread on a little Zam-Buk on a piece of clean linen. In a week the thumb was quite healed."

Skin Full of Rash & Pimples.—Miss Ethel C. Norcop, Hill Chorlton, near Newcastle, Staffs., writes: "Last summer's heat brought a rash of pimples all over my body. My skin got quite hot with inflammation, and the itching made me very uncomfortable. I thought the rash would go away when the weather got cooler, but it didn't, though I tried ointments and other remedies. On my mother's suggestion I then tried Zam-Buk. As a result the itching rash and pimples entirely disappeared, and my skin soon got quite cool and healthy again."

Child's Awful Ringworm.—Mrs. B. Sharpe, of Abbott Street, New Awworth, Notts., writes: "Scurfy patches on Violetta's head turned to rings of discoloured sores. The child's head was very hot with inflammation, and she complained bitterly about the itching. A doctor ordered all her beautiful hair to be cut away. I refused, however, and tried Zam-Buk instead. Zam-Buk soothed the child's irritation and killed the rings of inflamed sores, which shrivelled up and then disappeared. Zam-Buk alone enabled Violetta to return to school."

Scalded Arm.—"When cleaning the gas-stove," writes Mrs. C. Gable, of 40, Tufton Street, Westminster, London, S.W., "my sleeve caught a pan handle and spilled a lot of boiling water over my arm. Soothing oils didn't relieve my awful pain or heal the scalds, which tortured me for nearly a month. Zam-Buk drew out all the 'fire' and soreness, and healed my arm with a beautiful new skin."

Leg Poisoned by Nail Scratch.—"In cleaning down," says Mrs. G. Money, of 9, Trafalgar Place, Upper Edmonton, London, N., "a rusty nail in the stairs scratched my right leg. Dye from my stocking set up blood-poison. A doctor ordered me to bed. Zam-Buk, besides relieving the pain, drew out the poison and inflammation. The sores having been cleansed, Zam-Buk completed the healing by growing strong new skin."

Zam-Buk is sold by all chemists, and is obtainable also direct from the Zam-Buk Co., London & Leeds; 17, South Frederick Street, Dublin; 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris; Heerengracht 22, Amsterdam; 39, Pitt Street, Sydney; 9, Dalhousie Square, Calcutta; 9, Long Street, Capetown; and 208, Dupont Street, Toronto.

Zam-Buk

